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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.

Captain A. W. Moore. Rear-Admiral A. Knyvet Wilson.



Mr. W. G. E. Macartney. Sir Evan Macgregor. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen. Vice-Admiral Sir F. G. D. Bedford. Admiral Sir F. W. Richards. Mr. J. Austen Chamberlain.

A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. E. AUSTIN.

Napoleon said that the Palace of Fontainebleau was the ideal dwelling for a Sovereign. The remark has its historic irony, for it was here that the Emperor signed his abdication on the little table which is shown to you by a custodian in a cocked hat, who spends much of his time apparently in refusing the fabulous sums offered by American millionaires for this curiosity. I recall the Napoleonic saying because, although the glory of the Palace of Fontainebleau has departed, and left nothing but a museum, there is a lingering majesty in the surroundings, a touch of old-world dignity which spreads even to the neighbouring hotels. If you are a visitor at the Hôtel de France you are received by a *grande dame*, who says, "My daughter will indicate your apartment"; whereupon a lady-in-waiting precedes you thither, throws open the door, and awaits in a statuesque pose your humble acquiescence in her choice. The head waiter at the Hôtel de France has the air of an Imperial Chamberlain, and I question whether the President of the Republic, who, I believe, does not venture to sleep in the Palace, could enter the hotel opposite the gates without an uneasy sense that the spirit of his most redoubtable predecessor in the State was on the premises, and would presently order the ejection of this intruder. Even the Aigle Noir, which is a house of more modest pretensions, has a lady who leaves her tambour frame in the hall to make out your little bill. Her charming fingers seem to be more at home with tapestry than with sordid numerals (though the addition is perfectly correct), and I have no doubt that when she returns to her embroidery, she dismisses you and your bill from her mind, and becomes absorbed again in the traditions of the Palace over the way.

A bookseller has been complaining that one of his best clients has given up buying books on the pretext that they "accumulate." Booksellers have their prejudices and their morbid affections. One of them never sells a book without a pang. I know by the expression of his face that he is saying to himself: "How can I trust this man with one of my volumes? Will he dog's-eat it, leave it lying open among pipes and other evil-smelling things, commit it to the despicable usage of housemaids? I feel as if it were my own flesh and blood which I must sell to earn a paltry livelihood!" And he watches me hungrily out of the shop, as though I had bought a child of his, and were going to starve it. Everyone who has had dealings with booksellers knows that they are men of this singular temperament, who brood over their wares with jealous passion. You cannot expect the casual book-buyer to live in such a delirium. Suppose he is travelling with a bicycle, and wants a book now and then to while away an evening; how can he charge himself with the maintenance of every volume he picks up? I bought a book at Fontainebleau: it belonged to an edition of lively authors (*les auteurs gaîs*), and the cover was adorned with the portrait of a very fat man in a fit of laughter. This is not the sort of literature that I usually affect. (A bookseller at Boulogne the other day, with a discerning appreciation of my tastes, offered me one of Michelet's historical works.) But I was piqued by the apparent suggestion that lively authors must appeal specially to fat men. "Let me have men about me that are fat," said Julius Cæsar. But you would not call him a lively author.

The principal matter of this volume related to the affairs of a certain magistrate who lost a valuable appointment because his sister-in-law's second cousin was reported to have advised the parents of her godson to send him to a Jesuit school. This transaction caused the magistrate to be denounced by a Paris journal as a clerical tool who was prostituting the ends of justice; and the Government was so much alarmed that his appointment was revoked. He receives the official news of this disaster in court, where he is demanding the punishment of an offender who is charged with hitting a respectable citizen in the eye with a chestnut, and defended by an advocate of the Buzfuz type for a fee of ten francs. The disgusted magistrate announces that he is dismissed, and quits the court; whereupon Buzfuz, who, by the same decree, is appointed to the vacant post, calmly takes up his new duties, and proceeds to answer the speech he has made for the defence. Is this laborious caricature the diversion of the corpulent? Or is it the story of the young man who returns to the paternal roof-tree at three in the morning very drunk, and attributes the thickness of his utterance to the shameful intricacy of the French language? I read these legends and others like them, and came to the sorrowful conclusion that I was not fat enough to appreciate their merits. How can you expect the citizen (of average girth) to accumulate books of this kind? I lingered at the Aigle Noir in the hope of meeting a stranger to whom I could say, "Monsieur, judging by your impressive aspect, I guess that you weigh at least sixteen stone. Allow me to present to you this specimen of a lively author. Alas! I am too thin to relish him as you will. A man has no

real mirth at twelve stone and a half. Take the book with my blessing, and pray observe your speaking likeness on the cover!" But there was no fat man at the Aigle Noir, and I had to hide the lively author under a railway-guide, praying that he would not be discovered there by the damsel of the tambour frame. (Any fat man who reads this with sympathy is requested to repair to Fontainebleau without delay!)

But that story of the magistrate who was driven from office by the invective of a journalist has its moral. At this moment the Supreme Court of France is the object of insults in the Paris Press which are inconceivable by the English mind. M. Rochefort has pleasantly suggested that the judges of the Cour de Cassation should have their eyelids cut off and their eyes devoured by venomous spiders, because they are engaged in a process of law which outrages M. Rochefort's patriotic sensibilities. There is so much sensibility and so little sense in French polemics! The judges do their simple duty by inquiring into the reasons for revising the sentence of a court-martial, and they are forthwith denounced as traitors, bent on selling the secrets of the national defence to Germany. On the other side M. Felix Faure is charged with seeking to terrify the judges into hostility to revision by telling them cock-and-bull stories drawn from forged documents which are carefully withheld from examination on the plea that they are too confidential to be submitted to the Supreme Court. The President of the Republic is supposed to have concerted this remarkable plan with the lively author who calls herself "Gyp," and who, after years of profitable relations with a Jewish publisher, now proposes to boycott the Jews. "Gyp" is an aristocrat, and she represents in this amazing business the ideas of the oldest families. I learn from a distinguished French publicist that the oldest families have adopted the policy which was once described as "dining with the Tories and voting with the Whigs." The ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain lunch with one Jewish financier and dine with another, and spend the interval in launching furious invectives against the whole Hebrew race.

Do not suppose that the principles of abstract justice are neglected in France. Here is Madame Séverine with the argument that all colonisation is wicked, for no Frenchman ought to leave his fireside in order to ravish the firesides of savage peoples. This infamous practice should be left to the Anglo-Saxons, who have a brutal genius for exploring remote quarters of the globe and dispossessing the primitive inhabitants. I recognise in Séverine the French counterpart of a certain eccentric idealist of Irish origin, who informed us lately that the victory at Omdurman was a disaster for civilisation because it destroyed the true chivalry of Africa. Most Frenchmen are as domestic as Séverine; nothing would induce them to leave their homes and wander in African jungles. But they like to encourage the small minority of their countrymen who have the spirit of foreign adventure, and they cling to the belief that Major Marchand has established a fireside at Fashoda in spite of the grasping English. Why do we persist in claiming this spot as Egyptian territory? A writer in the *Figaro* attributes our delusion to alcohol; he says it proceeds from the vapours of "brandy et Fashoda." The wit is so delicate that it needs a footnote. Fashoda and soda! It is well known that the English never undertake any enterprise without bracing themselves with soda and brandy. Sometimes they consume too much of this fortifying mixture, and then they imagine that they and not the French are masters of the Nile. The only way to preserve a clear idea of the just proportion of things is to drink abstinence.

It is a poor omen for the end of the century that the champagne vintage of 1898 is declared by a high authority to be disappointing. It may be "light and delicate," but it is wanting in "ripeness," and it is not "abundant." When the '98 vintage ought to be sustaining the heart of man, we shall have to fall back on the stocks of '93 and '95, which are not large. This, says the high authority with justice, is a grave prospect; for the consumption of champagne is constantly increasing. It is already said by cynics to exceed the supply of the real article. "Don't be alarmed," they will say. "Never fear to speak of '98! The orchards of Hereford and Devon will not desert the vineyards of Epernay. Don't you know that the blend of apple and grape is so dexterous that it has deceived the very elect? Why pretend to despise this union of the vine and the apple-tree? It is symbolic of the age we live in, of the spirit of compromise. Do you think the vintage of theology is pure, or of law, literature, politics? People mistake cider for champagne, as they mistake ritual for religion, and an electioneering manifesto for the interests of the country. Drink your '98 wine with confidence. It will be harmless, at least, and that cannot be said for all the counterfeits." I do not share those views, which betray the culpable indifference to principle that leads to the ruin of States. No; the dwindling of the champagne vintage is a portent which bodes ill for the peace of nations and the good-humour of philosophers.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is accompanied at Balmoral by the Empress Frederick and Princess Henry of Battenberg, but Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, with her husband, left Balmoral on Friday for London. On Sunday they visited the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales at Marlborough House.

On Saturday afternoon the Lord Mayor of London, at Guildhall, received the Elcho Trophy Shield of the National Rifle Association, won by the English eight at this year's Bisley meeting, for the fourth time successively, to be kept for England during the year. It was brought by a procession, with the Honourable Artillery Company and eight other Volunteer battalions, from the Victoria Thames Embankment, and was presented by Major Earl Waldegrave, Captain of the English eight at Bisley. The Lord Mayor entertained a number of Volunteer officers, with the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Albemarle, and Sir Ralph Jackson, Under-Secretary for War, at a dinner at the Mansion House.

Speeches upon the exciting question of Fashoda have been delivered by several of our prominent politicians during the past week; by the Duke of Devonshire on Oct. 18 at a Glasgow Unionist meeting; by Mr. H. H. Chaplin at Sleaford on Oct. 21; by another Minister, Mr. Long, on the same day at St. Andrews; by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Oct. 19 at North Shields; by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice at Yeovil, and by the Marquis of Ripon at Rochdale on Oct. 20; and on Saturday by Lord Rosebery at Perth and by Mr. Asquith at Keighley. The speeches of the two last-mentioned leaders of the Liberal party were finely expressive of a resolution not to yield to any encroachment on the rights of Egypt. Sir Michael Hicks Beach said that Ministers felt assured of the support of the country in maintaining their position regarding this affair, but he hoped, trusted, and believed that it was capable of an amicable solution.

The opening of the Law Courts for the ensuing term took place at the Royal Courts of Justice on Monday, after a religious service, attended by the Lord Chancellor, some judges, and others, in Westminster Abbey, and in the Sardinian Street Roman Catholic Chapel for the Lord Chief Justice and other members of that Church.

At Winsford, near Middlewich, in North Cheshire, a mansion called Highfield House, given by Mr. W. H. Verdin, late High Sheriff of the county, has been fitted up as the "Albert Infirmary" for the benefit of patients needing surgical aid in the hospital; it was opened by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster last week.

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, fourth son of the present Earl of Derby, has been elected M.P. for the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire without opposition.

The Sultan has appointed Djavad Pasha, formerly Grand Vizier and recently nominal Governor of Crete, with the Governor of Syria, Nazim Pasha, to accompany the German Emperor, who would, on his landing at Haifa this week, proceed to Casarea, and thence to Jerusalem.

Nearly two thousand of the Turkish troops have now left the island of Crete; but of the Candia garrison alone three or four thousand still remain. Twelve hundred were removed on Sunday from Retimo, which is occupied by a Russian force. Suda Bay is full of vessels hired for the emigration of Mussulman families to Turkey.

The Emperor of Austria has retired to Godöllo, in Hungary, for brief repose after his severe affliction. The trial of Lucchini, who murdered the Empress, is fixed for Nov. 16, at Geneva. Much distress and alarm have been excited at the Vienna hospitals by a sudden outbreak of the plague, which is thought to have been introduced by a scientific collection of plague bacilli from Bombay having been brought for experimental investigations. At the Franz Josef Hospital, where there were several plague patients, one of the ablest and most learned young physicians, Dr. Franz Hermann Müller, caught the infection and died on Sunday. A servant of the medical staff also died, and one of the hospital nurses is in danger.

The French Chamber of Deputies has resumed its session this week. A scheme of income-tax, bearing especially on the consumers of expensive articles of household and personal luxury, has been prepared by the Minister of Finance. The labour strikes in Paris and in the mining districts have subsided. On Tuesday when the Chamber met, a furious altercation, ending in blows, took place between M. Paulin Méry and M. Basly, M. Méry acting in defence of his friend, M. Déroulède, whose speech M. Basly had interrupted. M. Déroulède, continuing, made insinuations against General Chanoine, Minister of War, whereupon the latter, rushing to the Tribune, hurled his resignation at the Chamber. For a time M. Brisson kept the Government afloat, but in the end the Cabinet resigned. President Faure accepted the resignations. In the evening serious disturbances took place in the streets of Paris.

A British claim on the Sultan of Morocco, for pecuniary compensation in the case of six British subjects, trading on the coast at Mazagan, who were illegally imprisoned and ill-treated, has occasioned the sending of two gunboats thither, to enforce the demand made by our Government.

The rule of the Empress Dowager of Peking seems to be quietly accepted there. A medical man has examined the young Emperor, and finds him affected with a disease likely to be incurable; he is kept in strict seclusion. Riots have broken out in some provinces; a French missionary and some native converts have been massacred, and their chapel burned, at Paklung. The Kai-Chu forts at Niu-Chwang, on Oct. 15, were occupied by Russian troops, with the consent of the Chinese Government.

In South Africa, Mr. Schreiner has formed a new Ministry of the Cape Colony, opposed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The Transvaal Government is involved in a fresh native war, to carry on which General Joubert has gathered a strong force of Boer militia.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum has left Egypt on his way to England.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE
DUKE OF YORK'S.

To say that Mr. Anthony Hope is the author and that the period is the eighteenth century, is almost sufficiently to define "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." It is an artificial comedy, in fact, consistently witty in its dialogue and romantic in colour, but of too flimsy and slight a texture to be taken as a serious contribution to our stage—an agreeable story, but thin, irresponsible, and incredible. Surely it is beyond belief that a girl should be able without detection to masquerade in her brother's Court dress and impose not only upon the young woman-hating Baronet, whose solitude she has made a wager to disturb, but also upon a whole crowd of officers, among whom she is all but forced to fight a desperate duel. The fantastic idea has some dramatic authority in Shakspeare's Rosalind and Wycherley's "Country Girl"; but nowadays we have banished the girl-boy to the realms of comic opera, and if it be not too unkind a suggestion, it is of the libretto of an opera-bouffe we think in considering "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Not that the play is without its stirring moments; but these pretty frequently suggest a borrowed inspiration. Thus the first meeting of Lady Ursula and Sir George Sylvester recalls memories of John Fenwick's famous interview with Beau Austin—since in both cases we have a suppliant boldly urging a merciful course by a reminder of a former duel, wherein the gallant killed his foe. The proposed fight across a table with pistols, of which one alone is loaded, comes straight from Tom Taylor's "Still Waters." Mr. Hope, of course, has a perfect right to draw upon the stock situations of conventional drama, and we in no wise resent his retouching the militant churchman of Fielding: his mistake is in not securing a sufficiently plausible leading idea. But, obligations and incredibility notwithstanding, the dramatist offers us a charming if flimsy fantasy, tinged agreeably by an eighteenth-century tone, and told in language that is always sound literature, and often delicate wit. The acting of Mr. Hope's airy trifle is not remarkable. True, Miss Evelyn Millard brings abundant high spirits, if too mannered a diction, to the rôle of the heroine, and looks ravishingly pretty in her own sex's proper costume; but Mr. Herbert Waring has but to wear his fine clothes with an air, while others help on the action. Oh, yes! a delightful entertainment.

"WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE," AT THE COURT.

Presumably Mr. Edward Rose is responsible for the plot and Mr. Anthony Hope for the dialogue of the bright little comedy now staged at the Court; but in any case the collaboration has led to rather happy results. It is possible to regard the main idea of the drawing-room melodrama as far-fetched; but "when a man's in love," why, he may be believed capable of any folly—even, perhaps, that of cheating deliberately at cards, in order to read a lesson to a youngster in whom his sweetheart is interested. Certainly Captain Hilliard (late of the U.S. Army) does his best to minimise his rashness by inviting two friends to witness the momentous game, and by entrusting to one (a rival, if he only knew it) a letter which is to be given before-hand to the other, an English peer. But Hilliard's rival in love plays him false, denies that any letter has been given him, and even points out to Lord Pitkeithly the unfair play. Here is a strong if melodramatic situation, for the quixotic Yankee seems hopelessly ruined. But the authors manage to solve their puzzle in very adroit fashion. All through the piece we have been plagued with a little fiend who possesses a camera, and has induced most of the characters to be photographed in a dark room. Some rather awkward sketches—thanks to surprise snap-shots—have been the result, and these the young scamp develops before the company. Thus we see the youthful couple in a fond embrace, and the peer, too, taking a grass-widow upon his knee. But when the villain is to be shown despoiling Hilliard's letter (we recall "The Rise of Dick Halward"), he capitulates, the Captain is taken back in favour, and his faithful sweetheart rewards his love. There is not one dull moment from start to finish.

"BROTHER OFFICERS," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Leo Trevor is a promising playwright, and he deserves credit for putting on the stage a faithful picture of regimental life. But just for a single act of his new play, "Brother Officers," there seemed a chance of our obtaining from him something better still—the skilful exploitation of an original idea. For consider: Lieutenant Hinds, V.C., is a non-commissioned officer planted among comrades who are gentlemen, conscious of his own ignorance of social etiquette, and pathetically anxious to learn manners from the young Captain whose life he has saved. Now permit, as Mr. Trevor does, this rough diamond to fall in love with a lady—in this case it is Captain Pleydell's cousin, the Baroness Ruydon—and show the lady friendly and half-consenting, and there is the possibility of a half-romantic, half-psychological drama turning on the one palpable instance still remaining of the influence of caste. But alas! melodrama very soon takes the place of psychology. Quitting the pleasant possibilities of improving his plebeian hero, Mr. Trevor brings on the conventional villain, a rich vulgarian, to whom the Captain has lost heavily at cards, and poor Hinds finds his function in exposing the man as a convicted card-sharper and wresting back his friend's L.O.U.s. Soon a greater surprise follows. All the while it has appeared as if, with a pardonable sentimentality, the author were going to allow his hero to ascend gradually the social ladder and marry the Baroness. But Mr. Trevor, whose instincts of common-sense are stronger than his skill in dramatic technique, suddenly startles us by the intimation that all along the mere good-fellowship of the Baroness and the poor cousin she has helped to support is but the mask of deep mutual passion. Now a possible comedy which degenerates into melodrama and deliberately misleads its hearers for the sake of an unexpected theatrical effect can hardly be styled other than a disappointing, if interesting failure.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE GLOBE.

So recently was it our duty to review Mr. Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers" at the Metropole

Theatre, that there is little necessity to repeat our verdict now that the play has been transferred to the Globe. Viewed without regard to its great original, "The Three Musketeers" is a vigorous and thoroughly exciting melodrama; judged as an adaptation of Dumas's immortal romance, it must be deemed a sad bowdlerisation, lacking the essential Gallic esprit and presenting us with but the shadows of its titular heroes. But much may be excused to the splendid performance of Mr. Lewis Waller, a perfect study in the school of passionate and blustering romance. Miss Kate Rorke, alas! though picturesque as the Queen, spoils her rendering by excessive sensibility and exaggerated mannerisms. Among the new-comers, Miss Eva Moore alone calls for notice as d'Artagnan's innocent sweetheart. Her pretty Gabrielle shows the daintiness of the ingénue and the intensity of true emotion. But d'Artagnan makes the play, and if only for Mr. Waller's superb hero, Mr. Hamilton's "Three Musketeers" deserves the patronage of every playgoer. F. G. B.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Concert, SATURDAY, Oct. 29, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, Violoncello; M. JOSEPH HOLMAN, The full Crystal Palace Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Seats, 1s. to 4s.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

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TRAFALGAR DAY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



Hohenzollern.

Hertha.

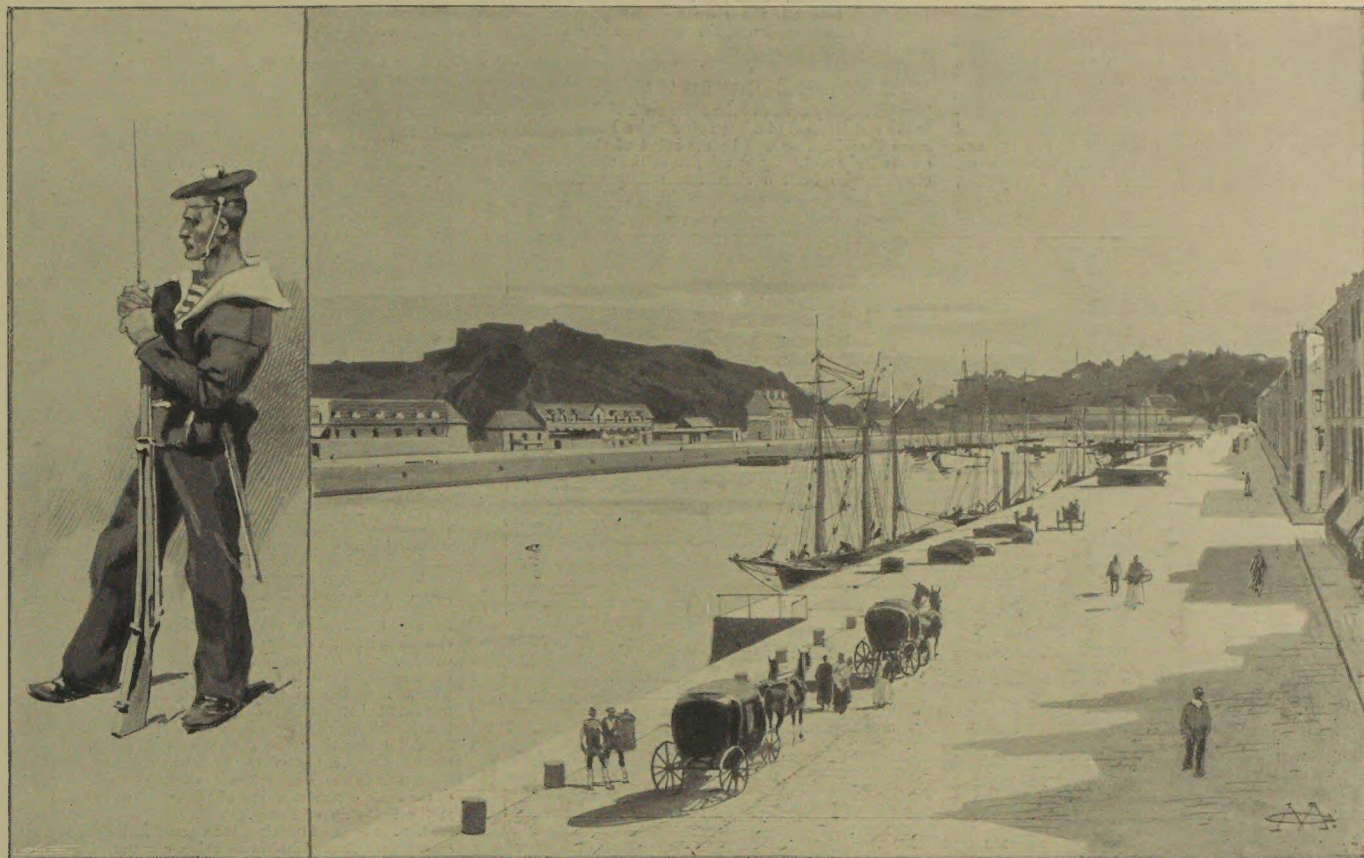
Sultan's Yacht.

Hela.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE: THE ROYAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN" WITH ESCORT OF SHIPS ENTERING THE BOSPHORUS.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant Tomlin, H.M.S. "Inangae."

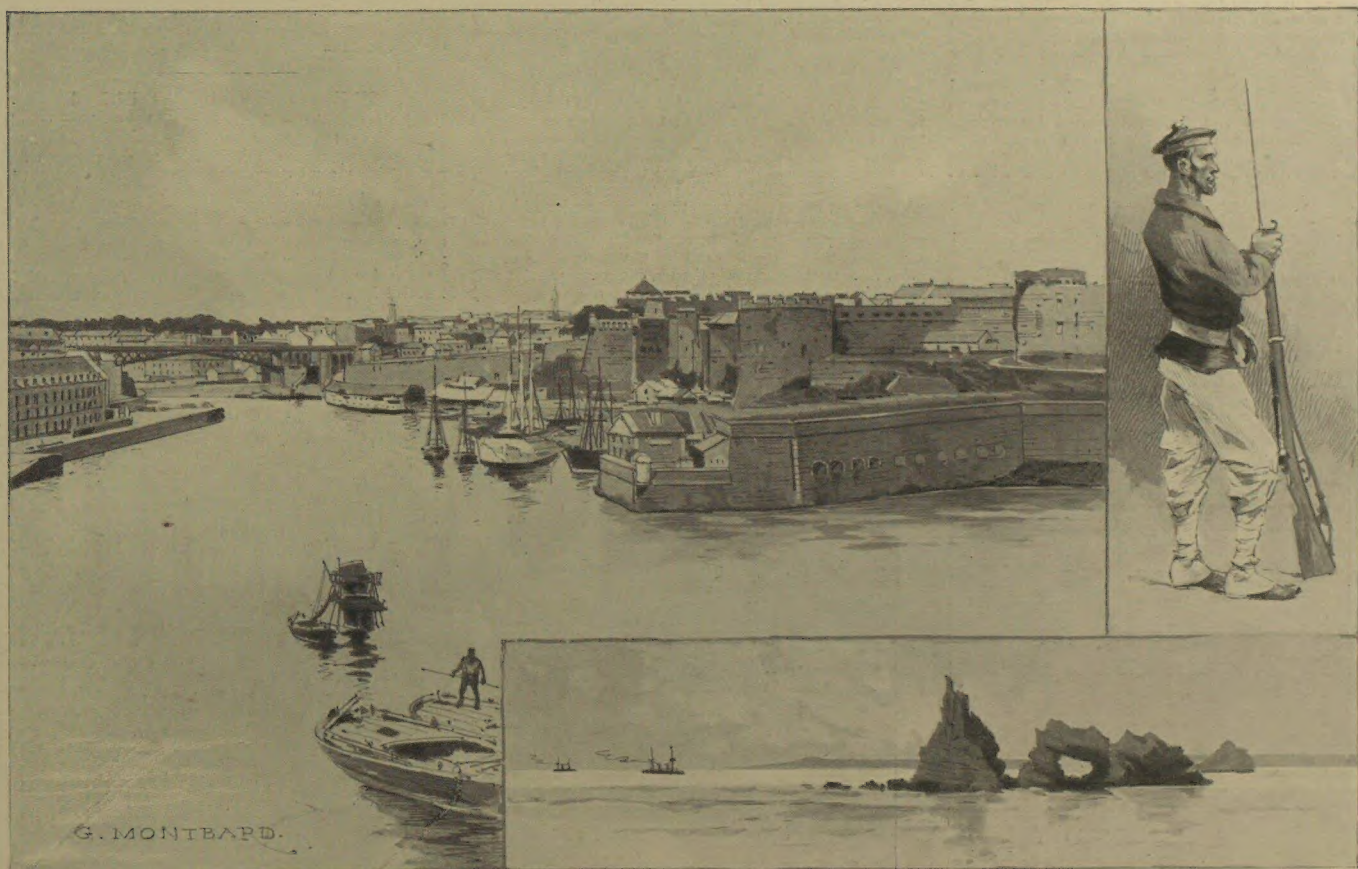
NOTABLE FRENCH FORTS.



SAILOR IN DUTY DRESS.

PORT OF CHERBOURG: FORT IN THE BACKGROUND.

SAILOR IN CAMPAIGNING DRESS.



MILITARY HARBOUR, BREST: VIEW TAKEN FROM THE POINT.

ENTRANCE TO THE "GOULET" DE BREST: THE "TOULINGUETS."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN TURKEY.

The German Emperor and Empress arrived at Constantinople on Oct. 18. The Turkish populace manifested enthusiastic admiration, though it is said that the Armenians, Greeks, and other non-Mussulman subjects of the Ottoman Empire were not so well pleased. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, preceded by the Sultan's yacht *Izzedin*, which had met her at the Dardanelles, and escorted by two German war-vessels, the *Hertha* and *Hela*, entered the Bosphorus, saluted by the Turkish guns. Their Imperial Majesties,

at Hereke. On Friday the Emperor was present at a review of 10,000 Turkish troops.

On Saturday they took leave of the Sultan, at luncheon, at Dolma Bagtché. Costly gifts were exchanged. Bidding their host farewell, the Emperor and Empress went on board the *Hohenzollern* amid firing of guns and loud cheering.

NEW GERMAN CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.

The principal purpose of the Emperor's visit is to take part in the consecration of a large church for Lutheran worship. Here the Emperor will be reminded of German activity on the Holy Soil. By permission of the Caliph of his day, Charlemagne built a church and hospice at Jerusalem.

policy of Prussia to act with the English Government in the promotion of a Protestant bishopric in Jerusalem. The arrangement between the two countries was, however, broken in 1886, and it was then that the idea was started in Germany of having a visible centre in Jerusalem for the German evangelical churches at work in the Holy Land. William I. resolved to build in the Muristân a "Church of the Redeemer." Extraordinary difficulties were encountered on laying the foundations. It was discovered that the ancient church rested on the debris of former overthrows, only one pillar going down to the rock-bed. At an expenditure of a year and a half's labour, and an additional cost of three hundred thousand marks (£15,000) over the architect's estimate of five hundred and ten thousand marks (£25,500), shafts were sunk, from ten to fourteen metres deep, to the rock, and arches sprung from shaft to shaft, which now support the massive superstructure. We give some sketches showing the Oriental methods of removing the debris and building the church.

TRAFALGAR DAY CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, on Friday, Oct. 21, was celebrated by the Navy League decorating the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square with floral shields bearing the names of Nelson's most famous victories, wreaths of laurel, various garlands presented by the relatives of naval officers who served under him, and four large flags—the red, white, and blue ensigns, and the Union Jack at the top of the pillar. The decoration of the Nelson column was finer than it had been on any previous occasion. There was a banquet of the Royal Navy Club. The provinces also observed the day. On Trafalgar Day Messrs. Hampton and Sons opened their galleries to exhibit a number of Nelson canvases.

OUR ADMIRALS AND THEIR FLAG-SHIPS.

At a moment when naval mobilisation is in the air, a special interest attaches to the pictures we give of our chief naval commanders and their flag-ships. The Channel Squadron is commanded by Admiral Stephenson, whose flag-ship is the *Majestic*, first-class twin-screw armoured battle-ship of 14,900 tons. The flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron is the *Ramillies*, Admiral Sir John Hopkins; the *Ramillies* is similar in description to the *Majestic*, but of 14,150 tons. On the West Indies Station, Admiral Fisher flies his flag on the *Renown*, also of the same description, but of 12,350 tons. The *Imperieuse* is the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Palliser, on the Pacific Station. She is a first-class twin-screw armoured cruiser of 8400 tons. Rear-Admiral Douglas, commanding the East Indies Station, hoists his flag on the *Eclipse*, a twin-screw cruiser of the second class. Her tonnage is 5600. On the Australian Station, Rear-Admiral Pearson's flag-ship is the *Royal Arthur*, first-class twin-screw cruiser of 7700 tons. The *Doris* (Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris) is stationed at the Cape of Good Hope. She is a second-class twin-screw cruiser of 5600 tons. On the south-east coast of America, Captain Norcock's flag-ship is the *Flora*, second-class twin-screw cruiser of 4360 tons.

FRENCH SHIPS AND FORTS.

Besides types of formidable French battle-ships, we give illustrations of the forts at Cherbourg, Brest, and Marseilles. The military port of Cherbourg, defended by several forts and redoubts, can accommodate fifty ships-of-the-line; the commercial basin holds 400 vessels. The port of Brest, entered by the "goulet," a narrow strait, is difficult of access. The harbour can accommodate sixty ships-of-the-line, and is protected by batteries and a citadel built on a rock. Marseilles is a fourth-class military place, defended by a citadel, Forts St. Jenn and St. Nicolas, and the fortified islands Château d'If, Pomègue, and Ratanneau.

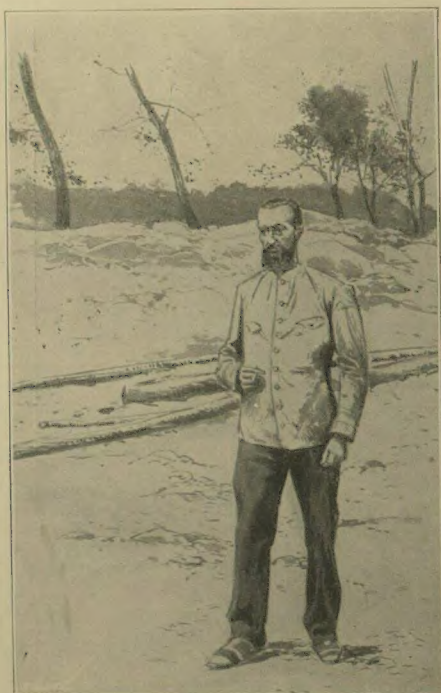


MARSEILLES.

landing from a beautiful white and gold caique, were received by the Sultan, with the high official dignitaries of his Empire. The party drove to the Yildiz Kiosk, and after a short rest went to lunch at the German Embassy in Pera. They then visited the German Club "Teutonia" and the German School, accompanied by a brilliant suite and an escort of the Erthogroul cavalry. In the evening they dined with the Sultan at Yildiz Kiosk, where splendid illuminations and fireworks had been prepared in honour of them.

On Wednesday morning the Emperor rode all round the ancient walls of Constantinople, drove through the streets of Stamboul, and inspected several bazaars and mosques. At night the Sultan gave a grand State banquet. On Thursday their Majesties went over to the Asiatic side to visit the German industrial establishment

It fell into ruins, and the site was purchased by Italian merchants at Amalfi, who in 1048 built upon it two hospices for pilgrims—St. Mary's for women, and St. John's for men. In the latter was founded the great Order of the Knights of St. John, who continued the hospice and added a palace for their Master, dwellings for the other members of the Order, and a great armoury in connection with the women's hospice. The Benedictine nuns built the church of St. Mary the Great. When Saladin captured Jerusalem, in 1187, he took up his quarters in the Master's Palace, and afterwards assigned the whole property as *wakf*, or "devoted to religious uses," to the mosque of Omar. It is the law of *wakf* that the site of the property so assigned may be alienated only when the structure falls into ruin. Perhaps that was why, though Saladin's nephew changed the church into a hospital—hence the name of Muristân, which the ruins still bear—and a mosque was built in the north-west corner of the area, the whole complex of buildings were allowed to decay, and so remained till 1869, when the Crown Prince of Prussia visited Jerusalem and was presented by the Sultan with the eastern half of the area. Archaeologically it is the less interesting half, but it contains the great church. It has been a long-cherished

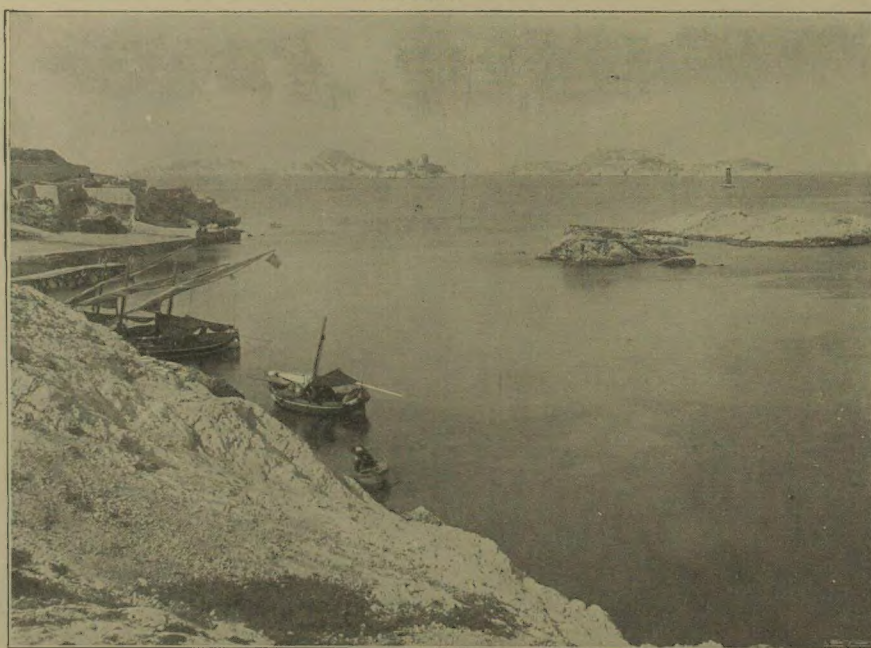


CAPTAIN BARATTIER.

BEARER OF MAJOR MARCHAND'S REPORT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH HE FORWARDED TO "LE PETIT BLEU."

Captain Barattier became Knight of the Legion of Honour at twenty-eight, was Captain at thirty, and served with distinction in 1890-91 at the columns of Humbert and Achard against Samory, whose chief Soukoulé he sabred.



CHÂTEAU D'IF

NOTABLE FRENCH FORTS: THE CHÂTEAU D'IF AND FORTS WHICH DEFEND THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF MARSEILLES.

PERSONAL.

The engagement of the Hon. Neville Lytton and the only daughter of Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt unites the great-granddaughter of Byron with the grandson of Bulwer Lytton. It possesses a further literary association in the friendship which existed between the fathers of the bridegroom and the bride; for the late Earl of Lytton hailed Mr. Blunt in the *Nineteenth Century* as "a new Love Poet," and it is an open secret that the dedication of Mr. Blunt's "Sonnets of Proteus," "To One in a High Position," was to Earl Lytton, then Viceroy of India.

The Lord Chief Justice of England, in his address on Institutes at Epsom on Monday night, began with some personal remarks which most reporters did not think it necessary to print. They were, however, by no means the least interesting portion of his address, for they referred to his own personal experience as a youth in Newry. The Lord Chief Justice frankly declared that the local Institute had a great hand in the making of him. He there made his first attempt at handling a big theme, and he is thankful, as the head of a large and discerning family, that no copy of it exists in even the domestic archives.

A great man's relations, though not without distinction of their own, are apt to be overshadowed, if not overlooked.



Photograph by Weston, Folkestone.
THE LATE MR. RALPH DISRAELI.

It came as news to many that the only surviving brother of Lord Beaconsfield had been among us until Tuesday, Oct. 18. On that day died at Oulton Hall, Leeds, Mr. Ralph Disraeli, father of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, M.P. Mr. Disraeli held the office of Registrar in the Court of Chancery from 1841 to 1875, when he was appointed Deputy Clerk of the Parliaments. After half a century of work, Mr. Disraeli retired from the public service in 1890. One of the pleasant sights that might sometimes be seen in the House of Lords, after Benjamin Disraeli went, as he said, from the element of "Don Juan" in the Lower House to the element of "Paradise Lost" in the Upper, was that of the silent statesman leaning forward to talk to his brother as he sat at the Clerk's table. Mr. Ralph Disraeli had a sufficient superficial resemblance to his brother to be sometimes mistaken for him; and there is a story that once, at a political crisis, when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ralph Disraeli were seen talking in the Green Park, the rumour flew that the two rival politicians had made a *concordat*. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone and his opponent's brother were talking of nothing more exciting than ducks.

The death of Mr. Harold Frederic on Oct. 19 has removed a writer of much promise and considerable performance.



Photograph by Russell and Son.
THE LATE MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

Mr. Frederic, who was in his forty-third year, was born in Utica, State of New York. After trying several occupations, he turned to newspaper reporting, and in time became editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*. From this he went to be correspondent in Europe to the *New York Times*, a connection he retained until his death. His first novel, "Seth's Brother's Wife," was published some ten years ago. Several novels followed, one, "The Return of the O'Mahoney," being based on actual experiences in Ireland. His first work which brought him prominence was "Illumination," a powerful character study published in 1896. On the day Mr. Frederic died a new work from his pen, "Gloria Mundi," was to have appeared. Its publication is now postponed until November. Another book is also in preparation in America. A large circle will look with interest for the appearance of the last works of one whom they valued not only as a literary craftsman of ever growing skill, but as a good comrade.

The retirement is announced of Mr. J. A. Wenley, general manager of the Bank of Scotland, who has held his position since 1879. Mr. Wenley is not unknown in the City, as his long connection with the great northern bank—he entered the service of the Glasgow office of the Bank of Scotland in 1846—has led to his being recognised as an authority in banking matters. Mr. Wenley was for ten years (1869-79) manager of the Glasgow office of the Bank of Scotland; and in the crisis occasioned by the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878 came through that period with such brilliant success that he was chosen manager at the head office of the bank in Edinburgh. Mr. Wenley will continue in office till the appointment of his successor.

Viscount Valentia, M.P., who has been appointed Comptroller of her Majesty's Household in room of the Right Hon. Lord Arthur Hill, resigned, is forty-five years of age, and succeeded his grandfather as eleventh Viscount in 1863. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the 10th Hussars, and is Honorary Colonel of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Since 1895 his Lordship has sat in Parliament as member for Oxford. He is also Chairman of the Oxfordshire County Council. In 1878 Viscount Valentia married Laura Sarah, youngest daughter of Mr. Daniel Hall Webb, of Wykham Park, Oxfordshire, and widow of Sir Algernon William Peyton. Lord Valentia's family surname is Annesley, which is derived from the lordship of Annesley in Nottingham, where the founder of the line, Richard de Annesley, was seated at the time of the General Survey. The Irish titles of Valentia and Mountnorris were bestowed upon Sir Francis Annesley in 1621 and 1628. This Sir Francis, a scion of the Nottingham family, for many years held distinguished offices in Ireland. Lord Valentia's re-election for Oxford will not be contested.

The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have appointed the Rev. A. B. Evans, curate of St. Stephen's, East Twickenham, as assistant to the secretary.

The youngest Bey in the Egyptian army is Kaimakam Matchett, a Captain in the Connaught Rangers, who joined the Egyptian army in the early part of the year 1896. Having raised one battalion (the 17th), he afterwards raised a second battalion (the 18th), which was ready for inspection by the Sirdar in less than six months. The physique, discipline, and drill of the battalion were so excellent that the Sirdar decided to send it up to the front, where it was attached to Colonel Collinson's Brigade, and was commanded by El Bimbashi Matchett at the battle of Omdurman. The recruits for these battalions have been drawn from Lower Egypt, and like all Egyptians, are splendid men to work, and learn their drill rapidly. The 18th Battalion did some fine work hauling gun-boats and barges over the cataracts between Merawi and Abu Hamed. The Sirdar has been pleased to promote El Bimbashi Matchett to the rank of Kaimakam (Lieutenant-Colonel), with the civil title of Bey.

On the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 25, the McEwan Hall of Edinburgh University was crowded to hear Lord Rosebery's inaugural address to the Associated University Societies. Mr. Balfour, Chancellor of the University, presided. Lord Rosebery spoke on the relation of young men to the Empire.

By the death of Mr. Gleeson White, literary, artistic, and musical circles in London lose a man of great promise and

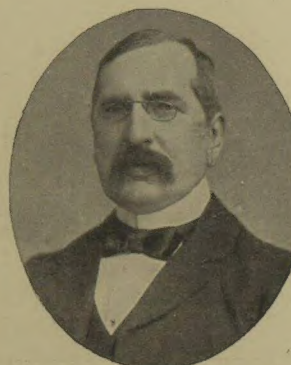
an individuality of much magnetic charm. There are few men who made—in a residence in London of about eight years—so many friends of such widely divergent tastes; and everyone regarded him with brotherly affection. Mr. White's death was immediately due to typhoid fever, contracted, it is said, during a recent visit to Italy in company with the Art-Workers' Guild; but he had not indulged in the luxury of a real holiday for five years, and this, combined with the fact that his capacity for work was enormous, must undoubtedly have so undermined his constitution that any serious illness could hardly be other than fatal. He was born at Christchurch, Hants, in 1851; his first book, "Ballades and Rondeaux," appeared in the "Canterbury



Photograph by Hill and Saunders.
LORD VALENTIA,
Comptroller of the Queen's House hold.



Photograph by Heyman, Cairo.
KAIMAKAM MATCHETT BEY.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. GLEESON WHITE.

Poets" series in 1887, and it may be questioned if Mr. White ever did a more admirable piece of literary work than the introduction to this excellent little collection. He compiled two other anthologies: "Garde Joyeuse," 1890, a collection of poems by American authors, and "Book-Song," in the "Booklovers' Library," 1893. In 1890-91, he resided in New York for about twelve months, editing the *Art Amateur*, and making hosts of friends throughout the United States. Soon after his return to England, he was engaged in founding the *Studio*, which he edited for a year, and to which he contributed up to the last, regularly as "The Lay Figure," and frequently on decorative and other art subjects. He also contributed to the *Magazine of Art*, and the new number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains a paper on F. Sandys by him. He wrote an important work on "English Illustration in the 'Sixties'"; one in four volumes on "Master Painters of Great Britain," and he edited the *Paganini* and the *Parade*, while those two excellent series "The Ex Libris" and "The Connoisseur" were initiated and edited by him. For some years he acted as art editor for Messrs. George Bell and Sons. He was well versed in all phases of modern art, and was not only an especially good judge of decorative art, but also a designer of much versatility and good taste.

The late Mr. Arthur Mills, of Efford Down, formerly M.P. for Taunton and Exeter, was an interesting link with the Rugby of Dr. Arnold's time.

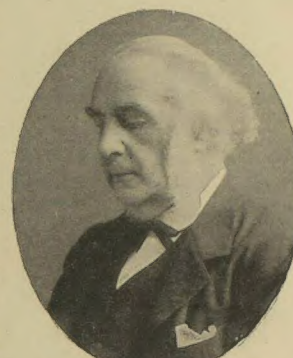
Mr. Mills, who was the youngest son of the Rev. Francis Mills, of Barford, Warwickshire, by Catherine, daughter of Sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, Warwickshire, was born at Barford in 1816. On leaving Rugby he went up to Balliol, where he graduated M.A. in 1842, in which year he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. In July 1852 he was returned to Parliament for Taunton in the Conservative interest. The election, however, was declared void in the following year, but in 1857 he was again returned and sat for Taunton until 1865. From 1873 to 1880 he represented Exeter. He was a D.L. and J.P. for Cornwall, and sat on the London School Board from 1873 to 1885. Among other public positions he was a director of the L. and S.W. Railway Company, and a vice-president of the Church Missionary Society. As an author he was known by his "India in 1858" and "Colonial Constitutions." In 1848 he married Agnes Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Sir T. Dyke-Acland.

Mr. Orchardson, R.A., is having a Deeds holiday, and some very bad salmon-fishing; but he has not been to Balmoral, as some have asserted, for sittings from the Queen for his portrait group of the royal family.

The sudden death of Lieutenant-General Sir William Howley Goodenough, K.C.B., is announced from Cape Town. He was born in 1833, and after a course at Westminster School, entered the Royal Artillery in 1849, passed through the Staff College in 1864, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1891. His retrospect was a long and brave one; he had fought in the Indian Mutiny, and had commanded the Royal Artillery Expeditionary Force in Egypt in 1882. The command of the forces in South Africa is left vacant by his lamented death. He was joint author of the "Army Book for the British Empire."

James Rose Innes, the Cape politician, is not, as is generally supposed, a member of the well-known legal family of Rose-Innes. The Rose-Inneses of Blachrie and Netherdale represent, as the double-barrelled name shows, two of the oldest families in Aberdeenshire. A generation ago they had in their employment at Netherdale a trusty gardener called Andrew Innes. To Andrew was born a son, at the christening of whom "one of the laird's folk" stood sponsor, the child being called, in consequence, James Rose Innes. This is he who has risen into eminence at the Cape. But he has not the hyphen in his name, though it is sometimes given him by the London press. The three Rose-Inneses of Blachrie are well-known London lawyers, the youngest of whom, a rising barrister and a County Councillor, married a daughter of Mr. Bowen-Rowlands, Q.C., formerly M.P. for Cardiganshire.

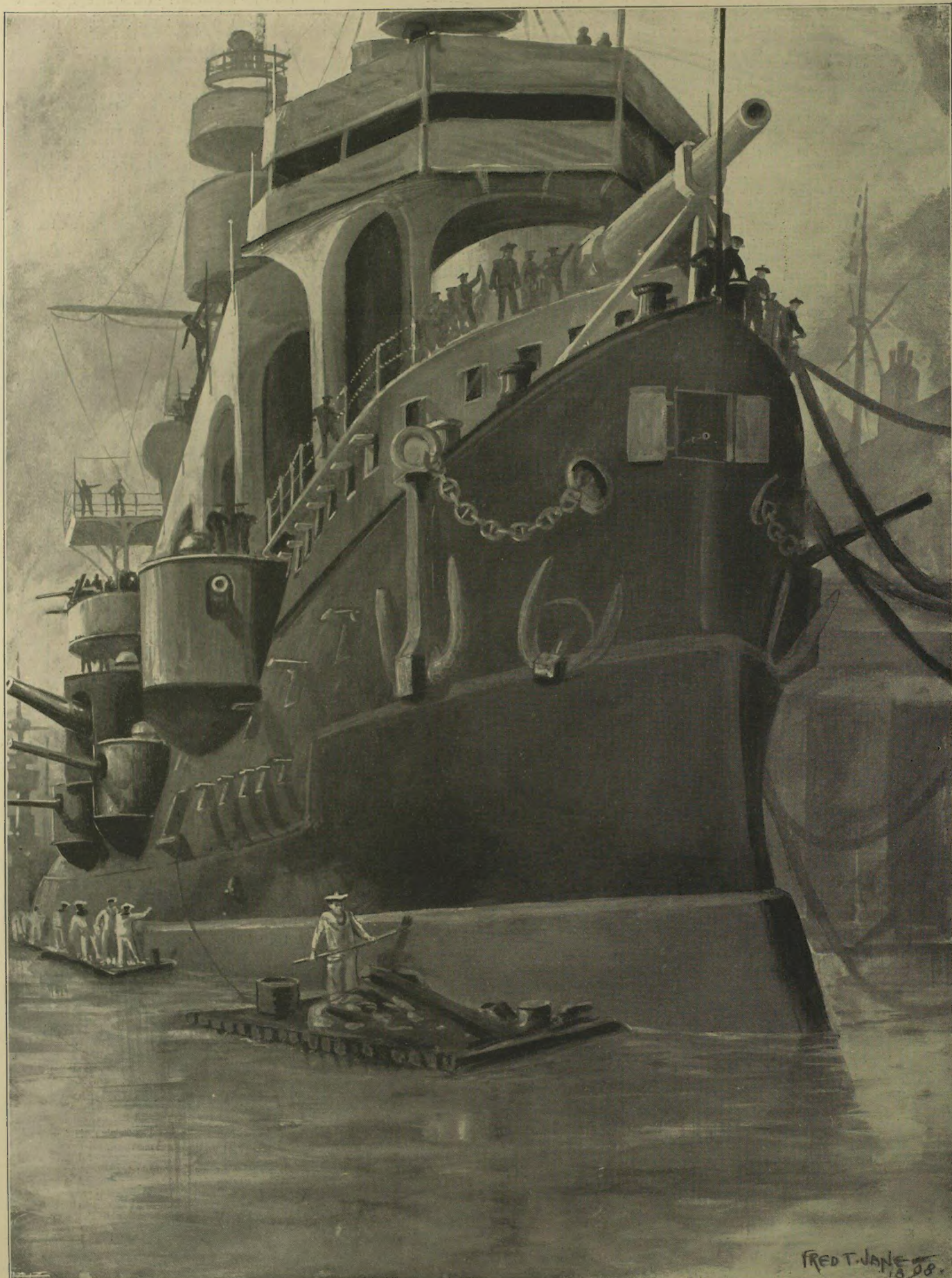
The National Union of Women-workers met this week at Norwich. The President, Mrs. Alfred Booth, remarked in her opening address that the union is now a great institution in the land, and has held conferences in various large towns for the past ten years. Another speaker dwelt on the moral influences of good manual training.



Photograph by Byrne, Richmond.
THE LATE MR. ARTHUR MILLS, M.P.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. H. GOODENOUGH.



THE FRENCH FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "CHARLES MARTEL" AT TOULON: FINISHING TOUCHES.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROPHET.

When Harewood reached the front door he stood amazed. The Rue d'Ypres, that broad, sunny street, usually as quiet and deserted as a country road, was thronged with people from the Port Rouge to the Prince Murat Barracks. In front of the house the people were silent and attentive, watching a swarm of labourers gathered round the bastion. A company of sailors from the fleet stood leaning on their rifles in front of a strange, shapeless structure that towered into the air above the heads of the crowd, one long steel arm stretched out stark against the sky. Beyond it, on the rusty rails of the narrow-gauge track, stood a truck painted blue, and on this truck lay a gigantic cannon.

The gun-carriage had already been placed on the circular truck and sunk into the cement below the ramparts, and workmen were busy shoving the terrace, tuffing it along the glacis, and piling sacks filled with earth across the angles of the epaulement. The rotten gabions and packed barrels that supported the gun-terrace were being removed, and new ones substituted; locksmiths and carpenters worked in the bomb-proofs, and the tinkle of the chisels and the thud of the mallets came up, half smothered, from below.

Down the street drums were rolling sonorously from the barrack-square; and now, with bugles sounding and rifles glittering in the sun, a company of infantry issued from the sallyport and marched solidly on to the Porte Rouge, their red trousers a long undulating line against the green of the glacis.

Suddenly, above the crowd, the great derrick began to move, three chains dangling from its single rigid arm, the little rusty engine staggering under spasms of steam-jets. Slowly the cannon swung up into the air, turning as the steel arm turned, further, further, lower and lower. Then, in the stillness, a boatswain's whistle sounded, once, twice; the crowd swayed forward and thousands of voices rose in thundering cheers—"Vive la France!"

All that night Harewood lay restlessly on his bed, thinking of the future, which, until he first met Hildé, had held no terrors for him. Now it was different. The menace of a siege meant something more than excitement and newspaper despatches; it meant danger, perhaps famine, perhaps annihilation to a city that had suddenly become important to him, because Hildé lived there. He had never seen a siege; his ideas on the subject were founded on histories. He could not believe that any army would be able absolutely to isolate such a city as Paris, itself nothing but a gigantic citadel, with its double armour of fortresses and ramparts, its suburbs, railways, forests, and rivers. He believed that, even if a German army sat down before the walls, it could never sustain such a position against hunger, against the sorties of the hundred thousands of troops, against those new armies that everybody said were forming in the south, at Bordeaux, at Tours, at Rouen, from the war-ports to the Loire. In common with the great mass of the Parisians, he never doubted that, so soon as the Germans appeared, the bombardment would begin; but he doubted the ability of a Prussian artilleryman to send shells into Paris from a gun outside the range of Mont Valérien. Nevertheless he was not satisfied with the Rue d'Ypres as a haven of safety for Hildé at such a time. It was practically on the city ramparts; it was close to one of the gates, the Porte Rouge, and closer still to the barracks, and he knew that if the German cannon troubled the city at all, the fire would be concentrated on the fortifications, the gates, the magazines, and the barracks.

Lying there in the darkness, he could hear, from the

ramparts, the sentinels' challenge as they walked the rounds, the stir and movement of horses, the dull creaking of wheels. He thought of the four great forts that covered the country beyond the Vaugirard sector, Montrouge,

Vanves, Ivry, and Bicêtre. If the Germans attempted to seize Meudon, there was the fort of Issy; if they advanced toward Créteil, the fort of Charenton blocked the way. Could they hold St. Cloud with Mont Valérien looming like



They stood for a moment looking at the great, silent gun and the squad of sailors who were exercising around it.

a thundercloud in the north? Could they seize Sévres under the cannon of the Point du Jour? No, he could not see how a German battery would be able to send its shells into the bastions of Montrouge; and this conclusion comforted him until he fell asleep to dream of a cloudless sky raining shells over a city where Hildé lay white and dead, and to wake trembling in every limb. He turned over and tried to go to sleep again, but he could not, dreading a sleep that might bring back such dreams.

He thought of Bourke, slumbering peacefully in the next room; he thought of Red Riding-Hood and of Yvette, also asleep; but for a long time he avoided the path of thought which he had so often shirked before, the path that led to the solution of a question. Awake or asleep, the question repeated itself; it was repeating itself now, more persistently, more monotonously than ever. The question was, *Hildé*; and it remained an enigma, not because he could not solve it, but because he would not. As he lay there he felt that the time was coming when it would be impossible to evade an explanation with himself. He shifted his head restlessly and opened his eyes in the darkness; and before he knew it he had faced the question, at last.

What had happened to him? What was going to happen? Why should thoughts of Hildé occupy him constantly? Was it because, in a moment of unselfishness, he had renounced the idle amusement of inspiring affection in a young girl? Why had he renounced it? Every man, consciously or unconsciously, seeks the same amusement; and if conscience intervenes, it is not easy to pretend that the woman was perfectly aware of the game? Or, if the result does turn out grave for the woman, a man can always have recourse to those little exercises of diplomatic hair-splitting to which men's consciences so easily adapt themselves. It is merely a matter of chance, this amusement which may or may not be harmless; a selfish man takes the risk, risking nothing himself.

All this was clear to Harewood as he lay there in the dark, but it did not satisfy him as it had once done. Moreover, whereas a few days ago he was certain that he himself risked nothing, now he was far from sure. He asked himself whether he was in danger of caring seriously for Hildé, but he could not reply. Had he been simply curious to know how far he could go? Had it been vanity, after all, or a lower incentive? His face grew hot with shame and self-resentment. He was mentally vindicting Hildé, defending her against himself; but he did not know it; he thought it was himself that he was vindicting. This mental protest of innocence left him calmer and less restless, and after a little he fell asleep. Whatever he dreamed must have been pleasant, for the morning sun, stealing into the room, illuminated his face, young, peaceful, touched with a smile as innocent as the woman he was walking with in dreamland.

Bourke woke him regretfully, saying: "What the deuce are you grinning about in your sleep? Get up, Jim; I'm going to St. Cloud to see what's in the wind. You'll come too, won't you?"

"Yes," said Harewood; "I suppose the trains are running still. What's the news?"

While he was bathing and dressing, Bourke ran over the morning papers, reading aloud the telegraphic despatches: "Hullo, what do you think of this? When the Germans entered Laon, some crazy French soldier ran to the citadel and flung a torch into the magazine."

"Read it," said Harewood, lathering his face for a shave.

"Here it is: 'Through the cowardice or treachery of the Governor of Laon, the Duke of Mecklenbourg entered the city on the 9th of September at the head of the enemy's 6th Cavalry Division. It was raining heavily. Suddenly a frightful explosion shook the city to its foundations; the citadel had blown up, killing more than a hundred of our soldiers and three hundred and fifty Prussians. This awful catastrophe was the work of an old French soldier, a veteran of the Crimea and of Italy, who, not having the courage to surrender the place to the Prussians, crept into the magazine and set fire to it, blowing himself and everybody there to pieces. The Duke of Mecklenbourg was wounded; our General Thérémín was killed. The German troops, recovering themselves, cried that they were betrayed, and, flinging themselves upon our unarmed Mobiles, massacred them in the streets and at the house-doors. The slaughter was swift and merciless. But who, remembering the horrible courage of that heroic madman, can pronounce one word of blame or of regret for his deed? Honour to the dead!'"

Harewood, with his razor poised in his hand and his face lathered, stared at Bourke. "How ghastly!" he said. "It brings the whole business out more plainly, doesn't it? Laon is only a few days' march from Paris. I can't realise that people are doing things like that while you and I sit still and scribble rubbish to the journals."

"I don't know that we've had such an easy time of it," said Bourke; "Mars la Tour was no game of football, Jim. And as for you, you've given the Prussians chances enough to shoot your idiotic head off, haven't you?"

"Nonsense," said Harewood, returning to his shaving; "I mean that there's a vast difference between us and those poor devils of soldiers out there. That citadel business chills me to the marrow. Go ahead with your newspapers, Cecil."

Bourke continued reading aloud, skimming through the mass of proclamations, edicts, appeals from hospitals, charities, until he was tired. "There's nothing new," he said, throwing down the journal; "it's merely the same crisis growing more acute hour by hour. So far as I can make out the Germans are somewhere between here and Laon; the French fleet has done nothing; the Mobiles are a nuisance; the National Guards are raising hell in Belleville; an army is forming along the Loire to assist Paris, and Garibaldi is coming to France. That's a fair synopsis of the whole business. As for the United States interfering, it's not likely; Italy's gratitude is not to be counted on; France must face the music alone."

"I wish," observed Harewood, "that the Paris journals would exhibit less hysteria and more common-sense. They've had Bismarck killed every week since last August; they've captured Moltke; they've inoculated the Red Prince with typhus; they've announced the mutiny of every regiment in the Bavarian and Saxon armies. Look at the way the Government is blowing up tunnels and bridges. What lunacy! They're only hampering their own movements, and it takes about a day to lay pontoons." He put on his coat, standing up for Bourke to brush him. "That's a big cannon they've mounted down there," he continued, looking out of the window. "Come on, Cecil; breakfast must be waiting."

As they descended the stairs Hildé and Yvette stood at the front door, looking at the cannon across the street.

"Good morning," said Yvette brightly. "Messieurs, have you seen the Prophet?"

"Which particular prophet do you mean? I'm a little in that way myself," said Bourke gaily; "and I prophesy that we are going to have a most delicious bowl of *café-au-lait* in a minute or two."

"Anybody can prophesy that," said Hildé; "Yvette means the cannon. The soldiers have named it the Prophet. Everybody is talking about it; the morning papers say it can throw shells as large as a man, and that it will be terrible for the Prussians."

"Oh," said Harewood, "so they call it the Prophet."

"All the same," said Yvette, "I hope it will not need to prophesy."

They stood for a moment looking at the great, silent gun and the squad of sailors who were exercising around it. Then Yvette laughed lightly and summoned them to breakfast, leading the way with her arm around her sister's slender waist.

"There is an awful creature," said Hildé, "who calls himself the Mouse, and who came into the passage early this morning and asked for Monsieur Harewood—"

Shouts of laughter interrupted her. Bourke begged Harewood to introduce his friend the Mouse, and Yvette insisted on inviting him to dinner. Even Hildé laughed, until Harewood, a little red, explained who the Mouse was.

"And you helped him to hide from the police?" exclaimed Yvette, horrified.

"That's just like Jim," said Bourke, who had enjoyed the story keenly.

Hildé said nothing; her changing face was turned to Harewood.

"What did he want with me," asked Harewood carelessly; "money?"

"No," replied Hildé, with a strange little shudder. "He said: 'Tell him to go to the Undertakers if he ever needs help.'"

"The Undertakers!" gasped Yvette.

"It's not what you think. It's a sort of club in Belleville, a nest where the *élite* of the cut-throats congregate," said Harewood, much amused. "I suppose the creature is grateful to me for hiding him. I don't think I shall accept his invitation."

"Gratitude is rare in that species," observed Bourke cautiously. "I fancy he'd cut your throat for a franc, Jim."

"Probably he would," laughed the other.

Hildé listened in silence. When Bourke slung his glasses over his shoulder, and said he was going to St. Cloud with Harewood, Yvette insisted on putting up for them a little luncheon. Hildé aided her, silent, preoccupied, deftly tying the small parcels and wrapping up two half-bottles of red wine. Bourke stood at the front door telling Yvette not to keep dinner waiting, as they might stay away all night; and, as Harewood came down the passage to join his comrade, Hildé began carelessly—

"Of course, Monsieur Harewood, you are not going to the Undertakers?"

"Why, no," he said, surprised; "we are going to St. Cloud."

"But—I mean—you are never going—are you?"

There was a silence; he looked at her without stirring, one hand on the door. Again that swift emotion sent the blood thrilling, tingling, leaping through every vein, yet, even then, he reasoned—even then, when, in her face, he saw reflected his own emotion; even then, when a fierce desire seized him to stoop and take her in his arms—this girl so close to him—Hildé, who would not resist. He stood there dumbly, one hand on the door-handle, daring neither to speak nor move—for her sake. The enchantment of her bent head, the curve of her scarlet mouth, the white hands idle by her side, held him fascinated.

Bourke called impatiently and came through the passage toward them. At the sound of his voice, Hildé

raised her head, as though aroused from a dream. With dazed eyes she moved toward the door, holding the little packet—Harewood's luncheon.

"Time to start," said Bourke, with a cheerful smile. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Harewood shortly.

He took the luncheon from Hildé's listless hands, thanking her and saying good-bye, as he followed Bourke out into the Rue d'Ypres.

When they had gone, Yvette went back into the garden, where, slate in hand, Red Riding-Hood sat, accomplishing multiplication. Hildé lingered by the door, watching the sailors, their rifles slung, drilling with the Prophet. Down at the Porte Rouge a solid column of wagons poured over the drawbridge—vehicles of every size and shape, piled with furniture, bedding, grain, cabbages, or bales of hay and potato-sacks. The country people and the inhabitants of the suburbs were coming into the city in constantly increasing numbers, bringing with them furniture and live-stock. Farm-wagons, piled high with bedding, on which sat children or old women, holding the family clock, crowded against furniture vans from Paris, loaded with the *bric-à-brac* of prosperous suburban merchants; oxen huddled behind smart carriages driven by servants in livery; cows, sheep, even turkeys and geese pursued a dusty course through the gates; and over all rose the cries of teamsters, the lowing of cattle, the ominous murmur of disheartened things, fleeing from that impending tempest that was rolling on from somewhere beyond the horizon.

In the eyes of the men there was more of despair than of terror; the old people were dumb, peering through the dust with hopeless eyes, tearless and resigned. Even the children, laughing up into their mothers' wistful eyes, grew sober, and sat on the heaps of bedding, staring down at the huddled cattle trampling by on either side.

To Hildé, however, the distant train of wagons, half hidden in dust, was scarcely visible except where it wound through the gate. Even there she could not distinguish features or age or sex, for the Porte Rouge was too far away, and the foliage of the chestnut trees hid a great deal. How much she divined is not certain, but she turned away into the house, a new weight on her heart, a sudden heavy foreboding.

In the bird-store the canaries were singing lustily in the sunshine; Rocco the monkey cracked nuts and ate them with fearful grins at Mehemet Ali, the parrot, who looked at him enviously, upside down. Hildé dropped some fresh melon-seeds into the parrot's china cup, renewed the water in all the cages, stirred up the squirrel's bedding, and sat down, her dimpled chin on her wrist.

She thought of Harewood—of the first time they had entered the bird-store together. She thought of that moment when, before she knew it, he had bent and kissed her—and, wonder of wonders!—she had kissed him. Why? The eternal question, always returning! It wearied her to think—and what was the use? Until he had kissed her she had always supposed that such a kiss was sin; the sisters at the convent said so. Now she did not know; she knew nothing except that they had kissed each other. She had not resisted; she had never thought of resisting. In his presence she was satisfied and yet frightened, contented, yet restless. She never tired of watching him; she was curious, too, about him, wondering what his thoughts were. Twice, since that first day, he had looked at her in the same way—with the same unexplained question in his eyes—a question that left her breathless, confused, dazed. Sadness, too, came later, and wistfulness—a fatigue, a weakness that made her eyes grow tired and her limbs heavy.

She went slowly into her bed-room, only to stand before the *faïence* image, thinking, thinking. She had never asked Ste. Hildé of Carhaix for aid, because she did not know what to say, and when she tried to think, the gold and azure mantle of the saint distracted her attention. How often had she counted the links in the chain around Ste. Hildé's china neck; how often had she striven to understand the placid set smile on her polished face—yet always thinking of something quite different—of Harewood, and the kiss, and the question, unanswered, in his eyes.

And, as she stood musing in the twilight of her chamber, suddenly the room swam, the floor seemed to fall beneath her, a frightful explosion shivered every window-pane in the house. Hildé reeled, clutching at a chair; Yvette crept in, pale, shaking in every limb.

"It is nothing," she gasped; "they have fired the Prophet. The Prussians are in Meudon woods!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PROPHECY.

The Rue d'Ypres was a surging turmoil; swarms of eager, anxious people thronged the street and the ramparts, where an irregular cloud of white smoke hung, half concealing the Prophet. A company of soldiers were clearing the street; while a mounted *gendarme*, shouting orders, wheeled his horse to right and left, with his white-gloved hand raised, and the grenade on his pouch-belt glittering like a live coal. From everywhere came a murmur, growing louder, deeper, more persistent: "The Prussians!

The Prussians! The Prussians!" until the monotonous chant swept from the Porte Rouge to the Prince Murat Barracks, like the thrill of a tense cord, deep-strung, trembling, vibrating in the arched sky.

"The Uhlans were signalled near l'Hay!" cried a boy, raising himself on the point of his wooden shoes to catch a glimpse of the Prophet.

"Can one see the Prussians out there?" asked a woman, looking up anxiously at Hildé, who leaned from the window.

"I see nothing, Madame," replied Hildé faintly.

"They're there," insisted a man in a blue blouse.

"The Prussians are in Meudon Woods, Madame."

"Who saw them?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"How do I know? Everybody says they're there."

"They're over by that spire. One could see them with a glass," said an old man, who immediately became the centre of attention.

"What spire?" demanded the man in the blue blouse.

"Can you see them? Are there many?" asked another.

"The Uhlans! The Uhlans!" shouted the crowd.

Hildé, leaning from the shattered window, looked down at the surging throngs below, and then out across the valley of the Bièvre, sparkling with dimmed brilliancy under its

saw the white smoke curling up along the battlements behind Issy.

"That comes from our quarter," said Harewood; "do you see the smoke, Cecil?"

"It's nothing," replied Bourke; "they're practising somewhere on our sector, probably to find the range. It may be the Prophet that has spoken."

They sat on a bench, lazily eating their lunch, and looking out over the panorama of the Seine valley. At their feet lay Paris, fair as a jewel set in green velvet, circled by the limpid necklace of the river. The late sunlight burned on the gilded dome of the Invalides, and the twin towers of Notre Dame glimmered beyond; nearer, the majestic dome of the Pantheon and the strange towers of St. Sulpice detached themselves from the green gardens of the Luxembourg; and farther beyond glistened the snow-white domes of the Observatory. To the south-east, looking across the peninsula where Billancourt lay smothered in verdure, the six forts of the south stretched away in a single rank to the Marne; in the north the vast mass of Mont Valérien cut the sky-line, always mysterious, always menacing, wrapped in gloomy majesty. Close to St. Cloud the Montretout redoubt lay, still unfinished, but apparently formidable enough.

glimmered in the zenith. Then, as the shadows fell on forest and palace, and sombre, silent pools, far through the velvet twilight, between the avenues of trees, the moon, blood-red, rose above the edges of the plain.

"Come on," said Bourke, strapping his glasses and moving off down the terrace steps. Harewood followed him, entering the hedged avenue just as the cuirassiers rode out of the court. In the twilight one of them stopped, calling to Harewood in English tinged with an accent: "It is you, my friend? *Ma foi*, you are not amiable—no, scarcely amiable. I am glad to see you again."

Harewood shook hands with him as the horse passed, saying: "Good evening, General Bellemare; I am coming to see you at St. Denis soon."

"I shall expect you," said General Bellemare, turning in his saddle. "Don't forget, Rue d'Athis; *au revoir*, my friend"; and he passed on with the cavalry into the dusk, saluting them both with easy grace.

The two young fellows pursued their way toward the river, saying little to each other until they were standing on the deck of a steamer, speeding through the twilight under the high viaduct of the Point du Jour. Red and green lights on the fleet of river gun-boats sparkled



A regiment of cuirassiers was passing through the Boulevard St. Germain, their armour flushing crimson in the light of the flaming torches.

veil of haze. She saw nothing except patches of woods, white spires, and chequered fields flecked with misty sunshine.

Yollette spoke calmly beside her: "We must fill all the window-frames with panes of oiled paper. If they fire again, there will be no use having glass put in."

In the street below an officer with gold lace on his crimson cap rode slowly through the centre of the crowd, replying: "Go back, Messieurs. There is nothing to see. The Prussians have not been signalled; the Marines are only practising to get the range."

"No Prussians?" exclaimed the man in the blue blouse. A disgusted laugh ran through the crowd. "*Fichtre! Je m'en vais, alors*," said a young butcher, tying his apron tighter. "We'll have plenty of time to see Monsieur Bismarck later." The crowd slowly dissolved, melting away little by little, leaving a group of curious gins at the Porte Rouge, the Barracks, and as near to the Prophet as the gunners would permit. So, after all, the Prussians were not in sight. The crowd appeared to be good-humoured but a little disappointed, for they had come to see something, and now were obliged to retire unsatisfied. Curiosity prevailed in spite of dread, that insatiable curiosity of the Parisians, so easily satisfied, so soon changed to ennui.

The shot from the bastions had aroused the whole city; even Bourke and Harewood, lounging on the terrace above the palace of St. Cloud, heard the distant report and

Harewood could see the workmen swarming over the glacis, troops marching and counter-marching, gun-squads drilling on the parapets. At their feet, so close that Bourke could have tossed a pebble on to the roof, the beautiful palace of St. Cloud nestled amid its ancient forest, its stiff ranks of hedges and quaint marble-rimmed pools. A squadron of cuirassiers had dismounted at the foot of the terrace steps; hundreds of officers, municipal magnates, and holiday strollers passed through the palace-grounds, staring up at the exquisite grey façade with unaccustomed emotions of curiosity and apprehension.

A group of mounted cuirassier officers, returning from an inspection of the Haras *carrefour*, passed slowly beneath the terrace, their accoutrements jingling and breastplates glittering like mirrors. One of them, a slim young fellow splendidly mounted, glanced up at the two Americans as he passed, turned his head to look again, laughed, and waved a gloved hand.

"Who's that!" asked Bourke.

"General Bellemare, commanding at St. Denis," said Harewood. "He's going to let me know when anything is up in that direction."

It was sunset before they rose to go, with a last glance at the distant city where the Arc de Triomphe had turned to an arch of pearl, and the obelisk to a flaming torch. Battlements, spires, bridges, impalpable as structures of opalescent mist, faded as the enchantment waned, fainter, dimmer, until in the rosy haze a star broke out and another

under the shadowy arches of the Viaduct; on the eastern bastions an electric light sputtered blue and blinding, casting luminous shadows over quay and dock, and the long rows of polished siege-guns lying on the trucks below the ramparts. Other boats passed them with clustered lights on bow and stern, rows of illuminated windows and ports staining the dark waters with golden beams as they passed. The little waves danced along the wake, crossed with green and crimson streaks, distorting the reflections of the lanterns until the black water surged under a polished surface, shot to its depth with jagged trembling shafts of coloured light.

"That's the gun-boat *Farcy*," said Bourke, as a shadowy shape loomed up in mid-stream. "She's got a big gun aboard, but to my thinking the recoil must raise the mischief with her plates."

Already the dark endless façade of the Louvre appeared on the left; bridge after bridge spanned the river, bright with festoons of gas-lamps, until a black bulk surged up before them, crowned with clustered pinnacles lighted only by the stars. It was the Cité; their voyage had come to its end. As they climbed the steps of the quay below the Palais de Justice, away in the south a ball of fire sped up into the sky and burst, spraying the night with vermillion stars.

"What's that signal?" muttered Bourke.

The distant report of a cannon confirmed the answer that the newsboys were shouting along the boulevard:

"Extra! The Orleans railway blown up between Ablon and Athis! The Prussians have reached the forest of Sénart! Extra! Extra!"

Harewood bought a paper and stood reading it under a gas-jet, while on every side an increasing tumult arose from the crowded pavement as rocket after rocket whirled up into the night and the dull thunder muttered from the western forts. In the glare of the lighted shop-windows black masses of people gathered, gesticulating, blocking the street, lingering in knots under the gas-lamps, where some boulevard orator alternately read from a news-paper and harangued his neighbours. Hoarse voices, with the sinister intonation of alarm-bells, dominated the deeper hum of the multitude—insistent voices clamouring disaster. "Extra! Extra!"—every discordant cry rang out harsh and tense, vibrating with the malice of prophecy.

"It's true," said Harewood quietly; "the Prussians have cut the Orleans railroad near Athis." He handed the paper to Bourke, adding: "There'll be the devil to pay in the streets to-night. I've a mind to stay here and dine at the Café Rouge. What do you say?"

"I told Yolette not to expect us," replied Bourke; "so it's all right. Come on."

They threaded their way through the crowd, crossed the street, and traversed the Place St. Michel, where a mass of omnibuses and cabs, hopelessly mixed, blocked the passage of a battery of artillery. As they pressed on up

"*L'antocha* yourself!" shouted the guardsman, stung to fury by the taunt; "let me tell you that Major Flourens is major because he's accepted the command of three Belleville battalions! If you don't like it, go up to the Undertakers to-night and say so to Buckhurst, and see what happens."

"Who is Buckhurst?" inquired the scout sarcastically. The guardsman swallowed a mouthful of bread, emptied his glass, smacked his lips, and said, "None of your business."

Bourke looked at Harewood. "Buckhurst!" he repeated under his breath.

"It wouldn't surprise me," muttered Harewood, "if that ruffian is in Paris; the Undertakers is just the place for him."

They ate in silence for a while, preoccupied with this bit of news—news which they knew was well worth cabling to America. Forger, murderer, and incendiary, Jack Buckhurst had at last been caught during the Draft Riots in New York, and, after being clubbed into insensibility, had been locked up in the Tombs Prison to be dealt with later. The next day the warden reported him dying; the day after he was gone—but not to hell. Where he had gone the authorities tried for a while to find out, until at last the fame of his exploits faded into legendry, and nothing was left of his memory except an occasional line in a newspaper and a faded photograph in the Rogues' Gallery.

"You'd better not," said Bourke, grimly regarding his own dishevelled attire; "there's no telling what your Parisians may do in this crisis. Jim, you heard what that rat-faced soldier said about Buckhurst? Of course we'll cable it; but what would you think of arresting the fellow and getting the Government to hold him for extradition?"

"Government? What Government? Not this crazy aggregation in Paris? What's the use? They won't do it; they won't dare touch him if he's hand-in-glove with the Belleville gang. Didn't you hear the soldier couple his name with Rochefort's and Flourens's? Probably he's one of the shining lights of their cut-throat club, the Undertakers."

Bourke looked up suddenly. "Jim, that's what we'll do; we'll go to Belleville to-night and attend a meeting of the Undertakers."

Harewood nodded uncertainly. "You remember I have a friend at court there—the Mouse," he said; "and, as you suggested, it's possible that he may attempt to cut our throats as an expression of goodwill."

Bourke hesitated. He looked sharply at Harewood, undecided, a little curious to know how his comrade would act.

"Do you care to go?" he asked, after a pause. "You needn't on my account."

"Yes, if you are going," replied Harewood pleasantly.



Photograph by Lambert Weston and Sons, Folkestone.

ANNUAL DIOCESAN FESTIVAL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AT DOVER, OCTOBER 17.

the hill and entered the brightly lighted terrace of the Café Rouge, a regiment of cuirassiers was passing through the Boulevard St. Germain, their armour flashing crimson in the light of the flaming torches borne by single horsemen. A trumpeter rode by, followed by a trooper carrying a guidon, and then, all alone, came a general, his sombre face shadowed, his sash and epaulettes glittering with gold. Under his cocked hat his dreamy eyes looked out into the glare, undazzled; he saw neither torch nor shadow, nor the steel blades of swords—he, the mystic, the oracle of vagueness, the apostle of mystery—this Breton Governor of Paris, General Trochu. So he passed with his armoured troop, a remnant of ancient pageantry, a Breton of emblazoned chronicles, silent, vague-eyed, dreaming dreams of chivalry and paradise, and the blessed saint whose filmy veil was a shield of God for the innocent.

When the last squadron had passed and was blotted out in the darkness, Bourke, followed by Harewood, entered the Café Rouge and found seats at a table between a soldier of the National Guard and one of Franchetti's scouts. The latter was taunting the National Guardsman with the indiscipline of his battalion; the guardsman answered sulkily and sawed away at his steak, washing huge mouthfuls down with draughts of red wine.

"You and your major, eh?" sneered the scout. "Tell me, my friend, since when has a battalion of the National Guard boasted a major? I leave it to these two gentlemen"—here he turned and nodded at Bourke and Harewood—"I leave it to these gentlemen, if it is possible for a National Guard battalion to have a major—unless it's a company of *fantoques*!"

The scout began again to tease the National Guardsman, asking sneering questions about Belleville and the battalions quartered there, until the guardsman jumped up in a rage, cursing impartially the whole Latin Quarter. "If you think Belleville is so funny," he shouted, "come up and see! Come up and tell us how funny we are! Henri Rochefort will answer you—Major Flourens will reply to you—Monsieur Buckhurst may have a word to say! What is the Latin Quarter, then, but a gutter full of *coquettes* and students and imbecile professors? Don't tell me—and just wait a bit! The dance is beginning, my friend, and the red flag is a better flag than Badinguet's tricoloured horse-blanket!"

The café was in an uproar by this time. The scout dashed a glass of red wine into the guardsman's face; somebody in the room threw a chair at somebody else; howls and curses mingled with the crash of crockery, until somebody shrieked, "I'm stabbed!" and there was a rush for the door.

Bourke found himself out on the pavement, warding off the cuffs and kicks of several enthusiastic citizens who kept shouting, "He's a Prussian spy! Kill him!" until the hazard of battle brought Harewood to his aid. Together they managed to back out of the crush in good order, till darkness enabled them prudently to efface themselves in the Rue de Médecine. And it was well they did, for the cry of spy in Paris at that period meant rough usage first and inquiry later—sometimes too late.

"Confound them!" said Harewood furiously, holding up a tattered sleeve! "I've a mind to use my revolver next time—and I'll do it, too! Idiots! I'll show them who's a spy—yes, I will, Cecil!"

"Come along then," said Bourke, wondering whether Harewood had accepted the risk through recklessness, a reporter's instinct of rivalry, or an unwillingness to let him take the risk alone.

(To be continued.)

CHURCH TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL AT DOVER.

The annual Diocesan Festival of the Church of England Temperance Society was held at Dover and Folkestone from Oct. 16 to Oct. 22. The attendance was large and influential, and the proceedings were marked by great heartiness, throughout. A notable feature of the business was the address by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The progress of the temperance cause, the Primate remarked, seemed to be exceedingly slow, but workers were bound to prosper in their efforts, because it was the cause of good and therefore the cause of all mankind. At no time had the cause gone back. The great principle which underlay the efforts of temperance workers was that of seeking the welfare of their fellow creatures. They must not only think of that, but remember that the method which had been found most successful of all the methods which had been tried was total abstinence. His Lordship wished that all men could view the matter as he did; but every man must follow his own conscience. The principle must be self-sacrifice for others, and their method must be to carry other men's consciences with them. Our illustration contains portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Temple surrounded by supporters of the festival. The picture will be to many a capital memento of an interesting occasion.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.



Photograph by F. Mason Good, Winchfield.

FACADE OF THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN, JERUSALEM.



Photograph by F. Mason Good.

RACHEL'S TOMB, BETHLEHEM.

PALESTINE OF TO-DAY.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D.

Nothing has happened in our time more valuable to the manufacturers of conjecture, political and religious, than the visit of William II. to Constantinople and Syria. The daring imagination and strong will of the Kaiser, the necessitous position of the Sultan, the complex and critical condition of the miscellaneous population of the Holy Land, in which, besides, the interests of Germany have of late increased with such great rapidity, invest the journey with manifold eventuality, religious, political, commercial. What may happen with an Emperor of such a temperament, in conditions so plastic to his hand, no one can, of course, foretell. The idealist and dramatic elements in his character make it possible that he is going to Jerusalem simply as a pilgrim, or at most a champion of Protestant Christianity. Yet if so, why did he go via Constantinople? Surely he has political aims in sight who is to put the bankrupt finances of Turkey to the expense of a million sterling for his visit, and who, in despite of the Christian motives he pleads in explanation of his pilgrimage, goes out of his way to visit the greatest persecutor of Christians in our—almost in any—time. William the Second's visit to the East recalls that of his predecessor Frederick II., in the thirteenth century, whose crusade was also a bloodless one, who also embarked upon it after a quarrel with the Pope, and conducted it in alliance with the Sultan of his period. Will William, in defiance of the Catholics, reap from his negotiations with the Turks the same gains for Christendom as Frederick did? Frederick's were temporary; but in the present state of the Mohammedan world, if William won grants of the



Photographs Company, Constantinople.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Holy Soil from his Saracen ally they could scarcely lapse to Islam again.

Frederick landed at Acre, in his time the chief Frankish stronghold in Palestine. William lands with equal appropriateness on the other side of the Bay of Acre under Mount Carmel. Here a German colony has been established for over thirty years. The original adventurers were Swabians from Wurtemberg, who belonged to the Temple sect, a body of Protestants that look for the return of Christ to the Holy Land, so soon as its soil has been prepared for Him. Their romantic beliefs have been the motive for the sedulous and profitable industry of more than a generation. They have turned the neighbourhood of Haifa into a German landscape. The slopes of Mount Carmel have been terraced with vineyards, and recall the banks of the Rhine or the Neckar. When the present writer visited the place in 1880, the rest of the land at the time being almost absolutely roadless and destitute of wheeled vehicles, he was struck as with a dream by the little Wurtemberg village he saw, the Swabian barns and dung-heaps, the heavy Swabian wains drawn by Swabian oxen, the little church, and the inn with its legend: "Hier ist gutes Bier zu haben." On the writer's second visit in 1891, the imperial despatch-boat *Bismarck* was lying in the bay waiting to carry to the Fatherland the sons of the colonists whose time of military service was due. So that as they land at Haifa, the Emperor and his suite will almost feel themselves on a bit of Germany.

Like all the landing-places on the coast south of Beirut, that at Haifa has been little more than a beach and a jetty exposed to westerly gales. But in July last the Mutes-arif laid the foundation of a strong pier, which has been built by M. Schumacher, the well-known German architect and



Photograph by F. Mason Good.

JERUSALEM, FROM THE ROOF OF THE CONVENT.



Photograph by F. Mason Good.

THE CONVENT BUILDINGS, BETHLEHEM.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

surveyor of Eastern Palestine. From Haifa they travel towards Jerusalem by the route of the First and Third Crusades, the line also of Napoleon's retreat from Acre. A new road has been laid down as far as Jaffa; there has been none there since the Roman highway fell to pieces after the coming of the Arabs. The imperial caravan passes, just to the south of Carmel, the ruins of Athlit, the last Templar stronghold in Palestine, strikes inland a little from the ruins of Cesarea, and comes upon Jaffa past the little German colony of Saronia, with its Württemberg farms, inn, and church. Thence Jerusalem is to be reached by the ordinary road, long the only carriage-way in Palestine, and lately repaired for their Majesties' visit. The gateway by which this road enters Jerusalem, the Jaffa Gate, has been thought to be too narrow for an Emperor's retinue, and a broader portal has been created by its side, by breaking down the old Turkish wall, with Byzantine foundations, between the Jaffa Gate and the Tower of Hippicus, and building an arch across the moat. This must have marred one of the most familiar and picturesque corners of Jerusalem: it is to be hoped that some compensation has been gained by the uncovering of the ancient basements of the wall.

Another possible disfigurement of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is the new carriage-road that has been constructed up the Mount of Olives for the convenience of the Empress. It branches from the Nablus Road, on the upper reach of the Kedron Valley, to the north of the city, climbs eastward near the site of the Camp of Titus on Mount Scopus, up the hill to the ridge (depicted in the Illustration entitled "The Mount of Olives"), and follows this in a southerly direction to the summit. It will be of no use for native traffic or agriculture, and hardly of any for the tourists; but one is at least glad that it lies away from most of the classical and sacred scenes in that



JERUSALEM, FROM OLIVET.

Photograph by F. Mason Good.



VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Photograph by F. Mason Good.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AND GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Photograph by F. Mason Good.



BETHLEHEM: INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Photograph by Wm. May, Chiswick.

landscape, and that neither the road round the south of the hill to Bethany nor the groves between Gethsemane and the summit are to be further disfigured than they have been already by the buildings of the Greek and Latin Churches. The view to which the new road will conduct their Majesties is that given in the Illustration on the present page entitled "Jerusalem from Olivet."

From Jerusalem there has been for some years a carriage-road to Hebron past Bethlehem. This has been repaired and completed by the Turks for the Emperor's sake. It leaves the Holy City by the Jaffa Gate, and strikes through a suburb, again chiefly inhabited by the Emperor's subjects. Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem it passes the traditional Tomb of Rachel, given in one of our Illustrations. The tradition is ancient, but probably incorrect. The only support it derives from Scripture is the verses which say that Rachel, bearing her youngest son, died when "there was but a little way to come to Ephrath," and "that Rachel was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." But these data suit a point on the highroad to the north, as well as to the south of Jerusalem; and it was on the north of this city, on the rough and stony tableland of the tribe of Benjamin, that Jeremiah heard, as if from his tomb, Rachel weeping for her children, and she would not be comforted. Along this same way came in the fullness of the times another mother great with child; but she reached Bethlehem in safety, and, the inn being full, brought forth her Son in the stable of the inn. Whether the grotto that now lies beneath the Church of the Nativity be that stable, as tradition and the authority of many ancient churches aver, will probably never be proved. The imperial pilgrimage is to extend to it. The visitors will at least see one of the oldest and most famous churches in the world; and still one of the most sacred.

(To be continued.)

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.



1. Rubbish-Carriers. 2. Masons and Mortar-Lifts. 3. Stone-Lifts and Stone-Cutters. 4. The Tower. 5. Mortar-Bell: A "Jerusalem Hydrant." 6. Camel-Train from the Quarries.

HOW THE GERMAN CHURCH AT JERUSALEM WAS BUILT.

From Sketches supplied by the American Colony, Jerusalem.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Phantom Army. By Max Pemberton. (C. A. Pearson, Limited.)
Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. By John Knox Laughton, M.A. Two vols. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
A History of Rugby School. By W. H. D. Rouse, M.A., sometime Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. (Luckworth and Co.)
The Pathway of the Gods. By Mona Caird. (Skeffington and Co.)
Rodman the Hunter-Steerer, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke. (T. Fisher [Linn].)
Pictures of War. By Stephen Crane. (William Heinemann.)
Dual Carah, Cornishman. By Charles Lee. (James Bowden.)
Potsherds. By Mabel C. Birchenough. (Casell and Co.)
The Magic Nuts. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan and Co.)
With Kitchener to Khartoum. By G. W. Stevens. (Blackwood and Sons.)
Excavations at Jerusalem, and Other Stories. By Dr. Frederick J. Bliss. (Palestine Exploration Fund.)

"An attempt to depict the emprise of a man who is a victim of the Napoleonic idea": so Mr. Pemberton describes his new book. And a most successful attempt. It is impossible not to be fired by his conception, not to feel the contagion of the movement led by the great adventurer, Lorenzo de la Cruz. Every reader of spirit will feel that he, too, would have joined the mysterious band, "for a possible service against the world," if he had had the chance, and with perhaps less criticism in his attitude than had Captain Falconer. Mr. Pemberton has put more verve, more poetry, into this story than into any other we have read. The first sight of the "phantom army" is memorable: "Liding out from the gates of the burning chateau there passed a troop of horsemen, whose white pelisses were opening to the breeze, whose plumes waved like the wings of birds, whose glittering swords shone in the moonlight as swords of gold." Their mysterious sorties and ambuscades, their intoxicating successes, their colossal pretensions, are entrancing; and we believe in them all. And Lorenzo is not merely a wonder of ambition and foresight and generalship and dare-devilry: he is likewise a man. We share his hopes that he will free Spain, as a mere bright incident in his world-conquering path. A laughable, a pathetic tragedy has, in the end; but Mr. Pemberton has cast a glamour over us, and we never doubt the essential powers of the fanatic Spaniard who had dreams wilder than the Corsican's, but had not the Corsican's luck.

In his "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve," Professor Laughton seems to misunderstand the kind of interest which this representative of the journalism of the past has for readers of to-day. It is not certainly of the kind to make pages of entries of this sort from Reeve's journal worth printing: "Dec. 12.—Green's lecture at the Royal Academy, very striking. Radwoltz came to England; I met him at Bunsen's. Dought did and was laid up at the close of the year." You would resent the space taken up by such rapid and impertinent entries in the biography of the greatest of men. Henry Reeve, being not a great man, but a great middleman between great men and the public, his biography has for us to-day only the interest of a phonograph which repeats the thin echoes of once commanding voices. In this respect the Memoirs are at times extremely interesting; for Reeve, in part through his self-assurance and in part through his tact, knew almost everybody he cared to know in England and France. This knowledge, which stood him and the *Times* in such good stead during his life, makes this record of his life the book of the moment.

Mr. W. H. D. Rouse's "History of Rugby School" is a book that no Rugbyian's library should be without, and, indeed, for the general public it has the interest of tracing greatness to its fountain-head. As some gentle rivers have turbid sources, while Niagaras flow from placid lakes, so the youth of many great men is in surprising contrast to their maturity. To find that Matthew Arnold was a great football-player, for instance, is a little startling; but it is hardly as astonishing as the author thinks it that Sir Ralph Abercromby, in his boyhood, declined to do honour to the butcher of Culloden. It would have been not astonishing only, but incredible, if this great Scotchman had hailed as a hero the ruthless Duke.

Mrs. Mona Caird's "The Pathway of the Gods" should have had for its motto, "Then she will talk—Good gods! how she will talk!" since the descriptions, discussions, etc., are to the story as "two grains of wheat to a bushel of chaff," and very dry chaff at that. Indeed, there is no story, since we leave the characters precisely where we find them, "still speaking," as the Parliamentary reports have it. We think Mrs. Mona Caird is, perhaps, a little ungrateful to Christianity for the higher position her sex unquestionably owes to it. Where would her sex stand to-day if her hero's doctrine that weakness should always go to the wall was as much the creed of man as it is of beast? When her heroine urges her duty to help the helpless children of her sister, he bursts out with this fine climax, italicising the superlative, "What can I say in order to condemn it in your eyes? It is illogical; it is Carolinian; it is *Christian*!"

Mr. Louis Becke's collection of short stories, "Rodman the Hunter-Steerer," is too drastic a dose of "fire, famine, and slaughter," to be taken at one draught. The stories, in fact, are too monotonously murderous for any appetite but a schoolboy's to devour in one reading. Taken, however, at intervals, and as highly seasoned *courtesies*, they will be a most welcome change from the average humdrum novel.

It is hardly to the advantage of a débutant to be introduced by his manager as the supreme genius of his age, and Mr. George Wyndham claims little less than this for Mr. Stephen Crane in his effusive introduction to "Pictures of War." "Mr. Crane," Mr. George Wyndham assures you, "as an artist, achieves by his singleness of purpose a truer and completer picture of war than either Tolstoi or Zola." "That is much," he adds—and it certainly is—"but it is more that his work of art, when completed, chimes with the universal experience of mankind; that his heroes find in their extreme danger, if not confidence in their leaders and conviction in their cause, at least the

conviction that most men do what they can, or at most what they must." But we hardly needed Mr. Stephen Crane to tell us "that most men at most do what they must" in battle. For our own part, we think Mr. Crane's singularly vivid and vigorous pictures of war are occasionally marred by the very defect which mars Mr. George Wyndham's introduction—too high and even shrill a pitch. The fine picture, for example, with which the volume closes, of the old veteran of the war rushing into a blazing barn to save a couple of colts is not improved by such a screaming apotheosis as this: "When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky, as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genie of the fable. The smoke was tinted rose-hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnight of the universe will have no power to daunt the colour of this soul."

Cornish stories, with the exception of a few of "Q's," have been weak on the humorous side. The fanatically religious Cornishman, the sombre, and the visionary Cornishman, have been presented, by Mr. Pearce and others, graphically and impressively. But we had nearly come to think that Cornwall was the one Celtic region of the British Isles where human nature had not agility and wit and buoyancy. Mr. Lee has supplemented the picture of his countrymen. And even if these deny that Paul Carah is a typical brother, it really matters little. He is a living and most amusing human being. He and Mr. Gissing's Gammon, of "The Town Traveller," stand out in pleasant prominence among the humorous figures of recent fiction. Carah, the vain bouncer, the man of dreams—dreams of solid gain, not airy visions of poetry, but made nearly sublime by their vastness, their impossibility—is a notable creation. Mr. Lee regards him wittily, sympathetically, does not take his vanity and his complacency too seriously. With never a word too much of comment, he lets Paul play his part of braggart and failure, teases him, ruins him, and leaves him on the point of beginning the world again with the bright hopes and the gay spirits of a child. Mr. Lee's former work, "The Widow Woman," was promising; but this excellent piece of portraiture surprises us. Henceforward our expectations are high.

One has an uncomfortable feeling in reading this book that a good deal of unusual power is being wasted. The story never takes hold of us at all. Yet Mrs. Birchenough has a more than common understanding of human nature in some of its complicated forms; her intentions are far from insipid; her favourite characters are strong, pronounced, and not boldly; her plot is full of varied incident. There should not be a dull page; yet we remain cold, even when we watch the hero's misfortune in the past dogging his steps, and working him harm in his election contest; even when we see a woman's devotion to him go unrecognised, till his life is threatened, and she dies for him. The fabric somehow falls to pieces, as a bit of ill-joined patchwork. The contrast between the homely uncouth life in the potteries and life in literary and artistic circles in London should be interesting, but the task is too difficult for the writer's skill as yet, and the result is only incongruity. "Potsherds" is a creditable failure. The powers and sympathies dimly suggested in it will realise themselves better one day, we feel sure.

Unquestionably Mrs. Molesworth has always understood the everyday mind and mood of the ordinary well-bred English nursery child. The only criticism that can be directed against her is that she has hardly ever in her past work drawn the child's soul outside the nursery walls. Nurses and governesses have delighted in the influence of books that never stirred a rebel instinct—but that, likewise, never awakened a gleam of imagination. Some children have pronounced them tame; a few elders may have wondered whether they were not preparing a certain and a numerous *clientèle* for the dull domestic fiction of the circulating library. But in her new story she has strayed out of her usual paths to depict two little girls saturated with fairy lore, who wander in fairyland—through the old contrivance of a dream, but very effectually. She tells pretty fanciful tales of them; and imaginative children will rejoice that at last their entertainer has drawn up the nursery blinds, and has pointed, beyond their everyday playground, to a fairer, wider country, where, in quiet times, they can wander by themselves, unhindered and unknown.

In Mr. Stevens' work we see journalism at its brightest, its alertest. He makes a serious, a substantial survey, and presents it lightly, unostentatiously, with no hint of the fatigue it has cost him. His *Daily Mail* articles on the Soudanese Campaign were admirably suited for hurried newspaper readers, and, reprinted, they make an excellent book. No clearer idea of the course of events that led up from the early Mahdi troubles to the Sirdar's triumph at Omdurman can be found anywhere. About the tale of the later incidents there is a pleasant flavour of personal adventure and impressions; but personal matters and opinions are nowhere obtruded. The book is a psalm to British pluck and stay, an eulogy of the Egyptian troops—now among the finest of the world—of the Soudanese, General Macdonald's most eager fighters. It is sufficiently patriotic to please even the female relatives of the Lancets, who made the famous blundering gallant charge of the four hundred, but not too John-Bullish to be contemptuous of an enemy it took all our grit to overcome. Mahdism, Mr. Stevens seems satisfied, can only mean degradation and chains; but concerning the fighting spirit it engenders he gives remarkable testimony. "And the Dervishes? The honour of the fight must still go with the men who died. Our men were perfect, but the Dervishes were superb." He tells of the three last that faced the three thousand of the Third Brigade; how two fell, how the last "stood up and filled his chest; he shouted the name of his God and hurled his spear. Then he stood quite still, waiting. It took him full." They were miserably generalised, he explains. But his explanation will not convince everybody that Mahdism is dead. The story of the campaign is horrible and glorious. Something too much of "opulent

vengeance" there is in it; but this eyewitness may be right: the valiant Dervishes would have it so. Mr. Stevens is haunted by the spirit of the Soudan—that "empty limbo of torment for ever and ever, that has cost us endless efforts, pitiful waste of life, that still entices, by its space, by its pure desert air, by its appeal to the barbarian in the fibres of the best men of our race."

The visit of the German Emperor to the Holy Land will possibly have some influence on the reading public, and lead to a demand for books treating upon that region. Should that be the case, the account of Dr. Bliss's recent excavations at Jerusalem appears at what an Oriental would call "a fortunate moment." Jerusalem has been increasing for some years past, and a great deal of building has been going on outside the walls; the railway, among other things, has assisted in this growth. The wall on the south side of the town is known to be comparatively modern, and it was felt that the topography of the Holy City could not be complete till the line of the more ancient wall was known. The Palestine Exploration Fund determined to have this point explored before the erection of houses would prevent such a work from being accomplished; and Dr. Bliss has been employed on this task for two or three years—his book being an account of his discoveries. The principal interest surrounds the excavations at the Pool of Siloam, where an ancient gate was found, and an ascent from it with stairs towards the Temple, which may have been the "ascent" which so astonished the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon. A remarkable old church was also come upon, which was connected with the Pool of Siloam. The line of the old wall has now been traced so completely that it can be connected with Captain Warren's (now Major-General Sir Charles Warren) discoveries which were made in the 'sixties.

A LITERARY LETTER.

There are two most interesting volumes of memoirs on the way. The first is "The Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier," the much read but little known author of "Marriage." A grandnephew, John Ferrier, has collected and arranged the letters, and Mr. John A. Doyle is to edit the book, which is certain to be a joy to many readers. The other book is even more important, the much-discussed "Life of George Borrow." It is to be called "The Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow, 1803-1881." The author, Professor William Knapp, is an American who has been for years in Borrow's native Norfolk collecting material. Both the "Ferrier" and the "Borrow" are to be published by Mr. John Murray.

A correspondent in the October number of the *New York Bookman*, referring to Mrs. Atherton's last two novels, says that "two viler and vulgarer books have not appeared in our time." This judgment, of course, is not endorsed by the *Bookman*, nor will it be endorsed by anyone on this side who has read Mrs. Atherton's stories. The writer who could use the two "v's" in this connection, or, indeed, use the word "vulgarer" at all, is ruled out of court on questions of taste. To me each succeeding book of Mrs. Atherton's indicates fresh revelations of power and capacity. I thought "American Wives and English Husbands" excellent, but I think still more highly of "The Californians." The presentation of the heroine of that story seems to me to indicate an amount of insight rare in recent fiction.

The statement that the world knows nothing of its greatest men is assuredly falsified in our day. We have "Who's Who," in which the great ones and the small are all biographed—to use a terrible Americanism—or, I suppose, one must say autobiographed, judging by the very obvious fashion in which some of the great ones have adorned their biographies. Shortly we are to have a new edition of "Men of the Time" from the firm of Routledge. I hope it will be better done than the last edition. In the last issue there was a distinct lack of proportion in the biographies, some exceedingly unimportant people receiving columns, while a number of the most distinguished were omitted altogether or dismissed in a few lines. There is room for "Men of the Time" side by side with "Who's Who." "Who's Who" may continue, as now, to give us the concise, compact biography; "Men of the Time" requires to throw in a personal touch from the editor, as is done by that truly fascinating compilation, "Chambers's Biographical Dictionary," a book that I use regularly, and in which I find something of the individuality of Mr. David Patrick and Mr. Francis Hinds-Groome at every turn. Not only are there these compilations, which are to save many of us from absolute obscurity, but there is one on the way which is even to preserve our features for future ages—happy future ages!

This is "The Imperial Gallery of Portraiture." It is to be published by the Grosvenor Press, and is to contain some seven hundred separate portraits of prominent men and women, each portrait to be accompanied by a biographical notice. There are to be twenty-five distinct departments: one devoted to eminent men in science, another to literature, another to journalism, others to military, naval, colonial, and, indeed, every phase of life. It would seem at the first blush that it would be very easy to find seven hundred celebrities without including journalists, and without including, say, more than one or two prominent men of letters. The pro-consuls of the Empire, the monarchs of the world, would, one might have thought, have been almost sufficient. But sit down yourself, good reader, and make out a list of seven hundred living people whose names are known to you—including, of course, all the emperors and kings—and you will be surprised at the difficulty you will have in naming the last hundred. I am not sure but that you will include your tailor and your barber. In any case, I should not like to be the editor of this publication. I think he is bound to have a very exciting time with the prominent politicians, the great poets, the brilliant novelists who think that they ought to be admitted to his pages.

C. K. S.

TYPES OF THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN AND CHANNEL SQUADRONS.

From Photographs by Symonds and Co., of Portsmouth, except where otherwise specified.



BATTLE-SHIP "AMIRAL BAUDIN," CHANNEL SQUADRON.



BATTLE-SHIP "MAGENTA," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



BATTLE-SHIP "MARCEAU," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



BATTLE SHIP "JAURÉGUIBERRY," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



BATTLE-SHIP "FORMIDABLE," CHANNEL SQUADRON.



ARMOURED CRUISER "DUPUY DE LÔME," CHANNEL SQUADRON.



"'T WAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY": OCTOBER '21, 1805.

From the Picture specially painted by Mr. Charles J. de Lucy.

TYPES OF THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN AND CHANNEL SQUADRONS.

From Photographs by Symonds and Co., of Portsmouth, except where otherwise specified.



ARMOURED CRUISER "AMIRAL POTHUAU," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



PROTECTED CRUISER "SURCOUF," CHANNEL SQUADRON.



PROTECTED CRUISER "CASSARD," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



PROTECTED CRUISER "DU CHAYLA," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



PROTECTED CRUISER "LALANDE," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.



TORPEDO-BOAT "CONDOR," MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A few weeks ago, while in Paris, I happened to be in the early part of the evening in the Rue de la Paix, on the right side of the street coming from the Place de l'Opera, where there are at least half-a-dozen jewellers' shops, probably the best stocked and handsomest in Europe. Unlike the majority of my sex, I am fond of looking at precious stones; but their beauty is always enhanced to me when they are displayed as they were then, instead of being worn in a woman's hair or ears, or around her throat. There are many reasons for this preference of mine, the principal one being an incident that occurred when I was a very young man. It was at a ball given by one of the famous beauties of the Second Empire, to which by some special favour I had received an invitation. I know nothing of the value of precious stones, and clever imitations of them, provided they were worn by women of position, or supposed position, would pass muster with me as real. At that particular entertainment there were a score of women all blazing with jewels; but among these women there was one who, had she come in a simple muslin frock, set off with a few ribbons, would have attracted by her personal beauty alone more notice than all the rest.

She, curiously enough, wore more valuable ornaments than any of the other female guests, but I, as a young man, did not care a scrap for the jewels, and kept looking at the woman. Half an hour later my companion, a relative, introduced me. She was very kind and gracious, but in a couple of minutes she asked me point-blank, though laughing, "How much would I fetch in your estimation?" I was never very dull of comprehension, and though young, I understood at once the drift of her remark. "I can assure you," I said, "that your jewels, handsome as they are, did not occupy my thoughts for a moment; if I may be permitted to speak frankly, I fancy you would look better without them. I have no idea of their value; they might be imitation as far as I am concerned." "It's a very great compliment," she answered; "but they are very real indeed." All this was said banteringly, yet the last sentence struck me as being said somewhat emphatically.

I therefore always avoid looking at a woman's diamonds while she is wearing them; but the story had a sequel. Three months after the entertainment, the lady's jewels disappeared under almost identical circumstances as those of Mary, Duchess of Sutherland, were stolen recently. Madame — had taken them with her to Trouville; on her return to Paris from the fashionable watering-place they had vanished. There was, I believe, at that time a change of carriages somewhere, and in the bustle consequent upon that change they were lost. No trace of them was found for years. Madame — died, and her husband, feeling sad and lonely—there were no children—took to travelling.

The Empire had been dead for nearly a decade when at a magnificent ball in Vienna, M. —, the husband, was confronted by a woman wearing every scrap of his deceased wife's trinkets. The wearer was the wife of an important personage in the Italian diplomatic service, and careful inquiries elicited the fact that, at the time of the theft, the man whom she had married, then an attaché of the Italian Embassy in Paris, had spent a week or so at Trouville. There had been three fellow-travellers in the carriage with M. and Madame — on the day the jewels were lost, but the thing had happened so long ago that M. — was unable to state what they were like, still less to identify them. The affair was hushed up, and the jewels were returned to their rightful owner, although there was a lame attempt at explanation on the part of the diplomatist.

According to him, he had purchased the whole at one of the annual sales of the Paris State pawnshop, and in support of his statement, he brought forward the commission agent who had acted for him. The evidence was strongly in his favour, the said commission agent being a thoroughly honourable tradesman in a large way of business. The detective entrusted with the clearing up of the mystery was, however, a most clever fellow. From the very beginning he felt convinced that the tradesman had absolutely spoken the truth, and as such he treated him with more than usual courtesy—nay, with cordiality. He had seen the agent's books, in which every item of the large purchase was carefully and scrupulously entered. The total amount paid, even including the commission, was considerably below the market value; but the sale had taken place in 1872, when France had not recovered from the effects of the war, and when even valuable things went cheaply. The theft had taken place in 1868, consequently the jewels had been in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois for four years, for it was proved that they had been pledged five or six months after they had disappeared, and that the interest on them had been scrupulously paid.

Three days before the sale, the Italian attaché gave the tradesman his commission. "But," he said, "I will tell you what to buy and what not to buy, for I shall be there." He carried out the arrangement. "How did he know that the jewels were there?" asked the detective. "That I cannot tell you," was the answer. Nor did the books of the Mont de Piété afford the wished-for explanation. The jewels had been pledged regularly, the borrower producing the last receipt for his rent and other documents to attest his identity and standing. The apartment rented as shown by the receipt was not anywhere in the neighbourhood of the Italian Embassy, nor was the name of the tenant anything like an Italian name. Still the detective would not be baffled. He unearthed the concierge who had had charge of the building at the time the loan was effected, and showed her the portrait of the Italian diplomatist. She would not swear to him, but she fancied she remembered. Mary, Duchess of Sutherland, and Sir Albert Rollit would do well, perhaps, to try and remember the persons they came in contact with during their stay at the Place Vendôme, no matter how reputable the persons were. It might afford a clue.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—We regret very much to learn you have been so ill, and trust your recovery will continue. The problem shall, of course, receive our careful attention.

SORRENTO.—If you will kindly examine Black's defence of 1. P to Q 4th after 2. B to K 5th, you will see that you must look for another solution.

W. H. GUNSBY (Exeter).—One of your two-movers shall be inserted in due course, but we think the last three-mover is a little too weak for our use.

A. H. L. HARTLING.—We cannot see mate after 1. Q to R 4th, K to Kt 4th; 2. Q to Kt 4th, K to R 3rd.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2836 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2837 from C. A. M. (Penang) and Nicholath Maitra (Chimmutah); of No. 2840 from Mrs. E. E. Morris (Hornstable), G. E. M. (Glasgow), Percy Charles (New York), and C. E. H. (Clifton); of No. 2841 from W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham), William Miller (Cork), C. E. H. (Clifton), and W. Blackburn (Chorlton-cum-Hardy); of No. 2842 from C. E. M. (Glasgow), Edward J. Sharpe, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), L. Francis, Dr. Walter (Heidelberg), Alpha, and Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2843 received from W. J. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), Captain Spencer, George Stillingfleet Johnson (Gobham), F. Norton (Lorsey), Dr. Walter (Heidelberg), Alpha, Edward J. Sharpe, E. Marshall (Dulwich), T. Roberts, W. H. D. Henvey (Upper Clapton), H. S. Brandish (Montreux), M. A. Eyre (Polkstone), F. Hooper (Putney), C. E. Perugini, J. Bailey (Newark), T. C. D. (Dublin), L. Penfold, Edith (Fosser (Reigate), E. Bacon (Finchley), Dr. F. St. R. Winters (Canterbury), Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), Henry Webber (Brixton), C. E. M. (Glasgow), and J. T. Blakemore (Edgbaston).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2841.—By H. BRISTOW.

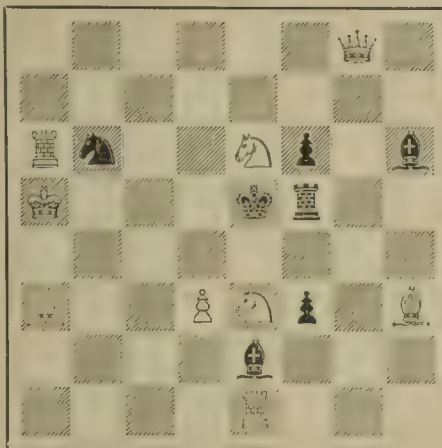
WHITE. BLACK. Any move

1. Q to B 5th

2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2845.—By G. J. HICKS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SIMULTANEOUS CHESS.
One of the eighteen games played at Lee by Mr. TINSLEY.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Tinsley).	BLACK (Mr. Sturton).	WHITE (Mr. Tinsley).	BLACK (Mr. Sturton).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B takes P (ch)	P takes B
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. B takes Kt	Q to B 4th
3. B to K 4th	Q to R 4th (ch)	18. B to Q 2nd	Q to B 3rd
4. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	19. R to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd
5. Black should play here or at move 3.		20. R to K sq	B to K 3rd
P to Q 4th. He thus gives the Pawn back at once, but his game is rather to be preferred.		21. P to B 4th	R to R 3rd
5. Kt to Q 3rd		22. P takes P	Q to Q 3rd
Better than the immediate attack by Kt to B 3rd. In fact, this move of White is very strong.		23. R takes B	P takes R
6. Here B to K 2nd or P to Q 3rd should be played by Black.		24. R to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	25. Q takes B	Q takes P
7. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th	26. R to B 6th	Q to K sq
8. Kt to Q 5th	K to Q sq	27. P to Q Kt 3rd	K to B 2nd
9. P to B 3rd	Kt takes K 2nd	28. B to B 4th	Q to K 5th
10. P to R 4th	Kt takes Kt	29. R takes P	Q to B 7th (ch)
11. P takes Kt	K to K 2nd	30. B to K 2nd	Q takes Kt
12. P to Q 6th		31. Q to Kt 7th (ch)	K to B sq
Another telling move. If Black replies P takes P, his whole game becomes blocked, and the Queen's side cannot be developed.		32. R to K 7th	Q takes P
13. P takes P (ch)	Kt to B 4th	33. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 7th (ch)
14. K to B 2nd	K takes P	34. K to B sq	K to Kt sq
Black here practically loses the game.		35. B to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
		36. Q to K 5th (ch)	

CHESS IN SALISBURY.

Game played between Messrs. C. H. SHEPARD and W. WARD.

(Sicilian Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.).	BLACK (Mr. W.).	WHITE (Mr. S.).	BLACK (Mr. W.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q to Q 2nd	R to K sq
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	13. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	14. B to R 4th	
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes P		
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		
7. Kt to B 3rd			
White might save himself all inconvenience by playing at once 7. P takes P, followed by Castling. As a matter of fact, P takes P is his next move, but then it is not so favourable for him.			
8. P takes P	B to Q Kt 5th		
9. Castles	P takes P		
10. B to K 5th	P to B 3rd		
11. Kt to K 2nd			
Q to B 3rd is better than this, which turns out very badly.			
12. B to Q 3rd			

We note with pleasure the election of our esteemed correspondent, "SORRENTO" (Mr. William Beavis), to the Mayoralty of Torquay, and congratulate him on possessing in so marked a degree the confidence and goodwill of his fellow townsmen.

At the Maiden Vale Chess Club, Mr. Herbert Jacobs played twenty-two simultaneous games, of which he won eleven, drew eight, and lost three.

The City of London Club was opened for the season on Oct. 15, when the president, Sir George Newnes, welcomed its members to their new premises in Grosvenor Hall Court. In addition to the inaugural ceremony, Mr. Blackburne engaged eight players blindfold, winning five games and drawing three. The merit of the performance was much enhanced by the fact that play was interrupted for nearly an hour in the course of the proceedings.

The Metropolitan Chess Club also formally opened its new rooms at Kohler's Restaurant, Wool Exchange, on Oct. 17, when the Lord Chief Justice discharged the duties of president, and wished the club every success in its future home. The introductory speeches were followed by a simultaneous exhibition by Mr. Gunsberg, who played over twenty boards with his usual success.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In connection with the national movement for the limitation and prevention of consumption, a correspondent writes to inquire whether there exists any method of rendering milk innocuous other than by boiling it. He remarks that boiled milk, while its qualities as a nutrient may not be altered or impaired, has a taste which to many persons is nauseous, and his inquiry is prompted by the desire to know of any substitute for the boiling process. Happily I am able to assist my correspondent in this matter. If he will follow the example of the War Office he will "sterilise" the milk he consumes. What sterilisation implies is, of course, easy to understand. It means the rendering of milk, or any other fluid, germless. Milk is a veritable breeding-ground for microbes, and it is to be feared many cases of unsuspected milk-contamination occur not in the dairy, but in our houses. The milk is often kept near sinks or drains, or at least in a foul, close atmosphere, and thereby acquires injurious properties which manifest themselves in the shape of the ailments they cause in those who consume the fluid. So that I may reiterate a primary caution here regarding the domestic milk-supply, and advise the keeping of all milk in a clean, cool, wholesome place. It is with milk as with water—we may receive both fluids into our houses in a pure state, but we spoil the former by allowing it to remain amid insanitary surroundings, and we foul the latter because we do not ensure the cleanliness of our cisterns. Then we wonder whence our ailments spring.

To sterilise milk is an easy matter. The importance of rendering this universally used fluid free from all microbes is seen not only when we have regard to consumption, but also when we reflect that we may certainly also decrease typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and other epidemics which are often propagated through milk-contamination. I have said that the War Office has recognised the value of sterilisation, and in a circular issued to commanding officers the process is ordered to be carried out by way of rendering the milk-supplies to the troops safe and wholesome. I need not particularise or emphasise the fact that one of the most important checks to the spread of consumption among infants especially, and among adults also, will be the rendering of tuberculous milk harmless. As things are, the presence of tuberculosis in cows is everywhere demonstrable, and the udder is one of the first organs of the cow to be affected. Let anyone who doubts this read Sir Herbert Maxwell's paper published in the *Nineteenth Century* for the current month. He will find therein abundant evidence of the widespread diffusion among cows of tubercular disease. When we reflect that we are liable day by day to receive into our systems with the milk we drink doses—and not limited amounts—of the bacilli of consumption, small wonder is it that the ailment is rife among us. Therefore the sooner, as a nation, we awaken to a knowledge of our duty to ourselves in this matter, the sooner will one source of infection be abolished. The sanitary command is "Boil the milk," or, what is better still, sterilise it.

Nor will the process be limited to the domestic sphere. There is no reason why every dairyman should not sterilise the milk he sells; only, I fancy, most of us will prefer to carry out the process for ourselves in order to "mak secur." The process should also be carried out universally in butter-making. Cream which has been sterilised not only makes better butter, but is more easily churned. The steriliser should become a domestic instrument, and it can be used with as little trouble as is involved in boiling water. The instrument can be obtained at a trifling cost, and those made by Aymards, of St. Matthew's Works, Ipswich, satisfy all the requirements of dairy and home alike in respect of variations in size and make. Every ironmonger sells these useful appliances, and I wish to emphasise this fact—that no infant should be fed on milk which has not been sterilised. We have now a chance of limiting infection in the case of a very terrible scourge of civilisation. We shall be worse than foolish if, with simple and inexpensive means at hand, we do not universally practise this method of destroying the germs of tuberculosis, and of rendering milk safe for consumption by old and young alike.

The hand of man, and sometimes the hand of nature, presses very heavily on certain species of animals, and wipes them out of existence as completely as if they had never been represented in the world's fauna at all. There is a bird—one of the rails—known by the name of *Notornis Mantelli*, which represents an extremely rare New Zealand form; and of this creature the fourth entire specimen has been lately obtained. Professor W. B. Benham tells us that the specimen arrived at the Otago Museum last August. It was killed by a dog in the bush near Lake Te Anau, and came from the locality which supplied the three specimens previously acquired. This last arrival has been thoroughly preserved, and the occurrence demonstrates that the *Notornis* still holds its own, if feebly, in the world; the general belief, alike of the natives and whites, having been that it was as extinct as apparently is the Moa itself.

Professor Benham reminds us that it is twenty years since the third specimen of the *Notornis* was obtained, and the curious fact remains that the bird was first made known to science by the discovery of its bones in the North Island. Owen gave to these relics the name of *N. Mantelli*, and the distinguished naturalist in whose honour the bird was named as a species, Mr. W. Mantell, secured a living specimen in 1849 in the south-west of the Middle Island. Then came another in 1851, and a third in 1879. An incomplete skeleton was found after 1879, and is preserved in the Otago Museum. New Zealand presents many features of interest to the naturalist and geologist in respect of its somewhat isolated position as a zoological province. The existing kiwi-kiwi, or apteryx, is another bird of the islands which is verging on extinction, and the gigantic Moa itself is a form around which will ever remain a halo of scientific romance.

OUR ADMIRALS AND THEIR FLAG-SHIPS.



Portrait by West, Glasgow.

Photograph by Symonds, Portsmouth.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT H. HARRIS, AND H.M.S. "DORIS"

(CAPE OF GOOD HOPE AND WEST COAST OF AFRICA STATION).



Photograph by Symonds.

Portrait by Elliott and Fry.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN A. FISHER, AND H.M.S. "RENOWN"

(NORTH AMERICA AND WEST INDIES STATION).



Portrait by Symonds.

Photograph by Symonds.

REAR-ADMIRAL HUGO L. PEARSON, AND H.M.S. "ROYAL ARTHUR"

(AUSTRALIAN STATION).



Photograph by Symonds.

Portrait by Deaneham, Southampton.

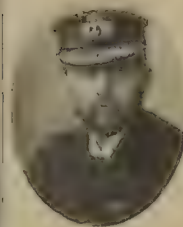
REAR-ADMIRAL H. ST. L. B. PALLISER, AND H.M.S. "IMPERIEUSE"

(PACIFIC STATION).

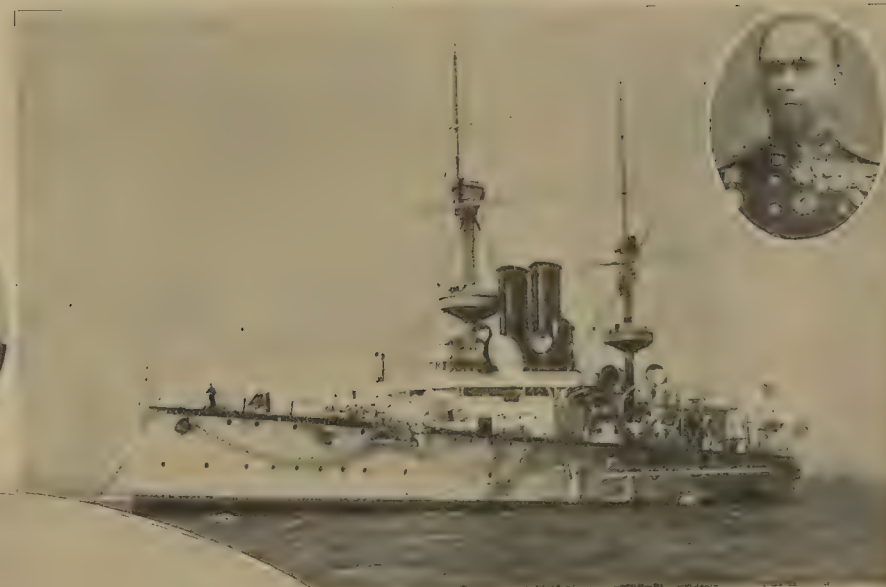
OUR ADMIRALS AND THEIR FLAG-SHIPS.



Portrait by Dooney.
 Photograph by Symonds, Portsmouth.
 REAR-ADMIRAL ARCHIBALD L. DOUGLAS, AND H.M.S. "ECLIPSE"
 (EAST INDIES STATION).



Portrait by Heath, Plymouth.



Portrait by Munt and Fox.
 Photograph by Symonds.
 VICE-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR, AND H.M.S. "CENTURION"
 (CHINA STATION).



Portrait by Elliott and Fry.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN O. HOPKINS, AND H.M.S. "RAMILLIES"
 (MEDITERRANEAN STATION).



CAPTAIN CHARLES
 J. NORCOCK,
 AND
 H.M.S. "FLORA"
 (SOUTH-EAST COAST
 OF AMERICA STATION).
 Photograph by Symonds.



Portrait by West and Sons, Southern.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY F. STEPHENSON, AND H.M.S. "MAJESTIC"
 (CHANNEL SQUADRON).

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. XI.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

DAWSON CITY TO ST. MICHAEL'S.

It may be imagined that it was with a feeling of relief that we got the intimation that the *Hamilton* was really to commence her down-river journey, for the many postponements of her departure had kept us in a continual state of uncertainty as to our movements, and effectually prevented our going far from the landing-stage in case she should suddenly start. Even when we had got our baggage safely on board, and she was apparently announced definitely to start at five o'clock on the same afternoon, for some reason or other (or probably no other reason than vacillation of purpose) the actual departure was not made till more than twenty-four hours had still further been wasted. It certainly required a vast amount of patience to put up with these annoyances. Fortunately for those who will be coming out next year, the British-America Corporation, and several other important companies, will be here by then, and with their big capital, backed up by sound business enterprise, will take the wind out of the sails of the two effete companies that up till now have apparently controlled the destinies of Dawson and the Lower Yukon River.

The *Charles H. Hamilton* is the largest steamer that now plies on the river. Although some 300 ft. in length, she draws only thirty-two inches of water. She is constructed to use wood fuel—which is taken up at different stations down the river—and is of the usual stern-wheel build, with state-rooms to accommodate sixty-six passengers. These rooms open on to a long dining hall, occupying the entire centre of the vessel. A sort of verandah running outside this forms a long, narrow promenade round the vessel. When not overcrowded, and no untoward incidents occur, a trip down the river on the *Hamilton* should be a pleasant excursion. On the occasion I am about to describe, however, it was exactly the reverse. The greed of the company owning her had caused them to crowd a hundred more passengers on board than she was constructed to carry, with the result they had to sleep where best they could, on the floor of the cabin or on deck, in the hold—anywhere. Considering the fare had been doubled since last year, and \$300 had been charged for all tickets, this overcrowding was little short of disgraceful. This was but one of the many discomforts of what turned out a very tedious and prolonged journey.

It had been arranged that the *Porteus B. Ware*, another steamer belonging to the same company as the *Hamilton*, should follow us down the river at a short interval, so that, should either of us unfortunately get aground, one could help the other. The amount of gold the *Hamilton* was rumoured to be taking down varied from three and a half to four tons, representing an approximate value of \$1,200,000, this being the largest amount any insurance company would take risk on for one vessel, so I was informed. The remainder of the output for the year, which was about thirteen tons, would be sent on other ships as opportunity would offer. The amount of the precious metal being sent on the *Ware* did not transpire. An immense crowd assembled on the steamer itself, the landing-stage, and the banks to see us start, the fact that the *Hamilton* was the first steamer out this year doubtless helping to make the event a sort of half-holiday. At last the final handshakes were given, the gangway drawn in, and cables slipped, and, amid the screaming of steam-whistles and the loud cheering of the crowd, the *Hamilton's* huge paddles began slowly to revolve, and we were under way.

The *Hamilton* was on her maiden trip almost, this being the first time she had got as far as Dawson. Launched at St. Michael's last year, it had been intended to bring her up the river for the winter, but owing to the usual procrastination, she could not be got higher than a little creek a few hundred miles from the sea, and had to winter there, and for nine months had remained icebound. As compared with the rough accommodation of Dawson, she appeared almost palatial in her appointments at first. This impression, however, quickly wore off. Our first meal on board struck us all as not being quite up to the mark considering what we had paid for our passage. The second was worse, and after that no mere description can convey any idea of the horrible-looking stuff placed before us at "meal" times. Tinned food, of course, we expected, since no fresh meat was procurable at Dawson in sufficient quantities to provision so large a vessel as the *Hamilton*, but there is tinned food and tinned food. Whilst, to make matters even worse, the purser announced that he feared our provisions, bad as they were, would not be sufficient to go round freely till we reached Circle City or Fort Yukon, some distance ahead, and took on fresh supplies, as the company had shipped one hundred more passengers than they had provided him with food for. The indignation of

all the passengers knew no bounds, and had the managing-director of the N. A. T. and T. Co. been on board, I fear he would have spent the worst moment of his life. This was indeed a pleasant commencement to the voyage.

The distance from Dawson to the mouth of the river is 1815 miles, and to St. Michael's Island on the coast eighty miles further. The journey is usually accomplished in six days, but there are so many dangerous sandbars that it is almost impossible to reckon on any definite time within a day or two. In a river so peculiarly unsuited for navigation as the Yukon, one had to consider it a lucky thing to get through at all, let alone the loss of time. For many years past the Hudson Bay Company and the Alaska Commercial Company have been running small stern-wheel steamers between Fort Yukon and the sea, and seldom did a season pass without accident. The only pilots are natives, and as the river has been but roughly surveyed, all these men navigate their particular sections. The great obstacle to navigation of the Yukon is the fact that the different sandbanks, bars, etc., are continually shifting, being no two years in the same position. This extremely serious drawback can only be overcome by using vessels of the lightest possible draught.

We proceeded down stream at a good speed, and reached our first point of call, Fort Cudahy, forty miles below Dawson, in about three hours. Only a short stop was made here, just long enough to land two policemen with a prisoner in irons for the penitentiary, this station being the convict settlement for the Yukon district.

Towards evening the second day out we reached a part of the river much dreaded by pilots, called the Yukon Flats. Here the river widens into an immense expanse of

hastily put on my overcoat and ran on deck. Many of the passengers were already there, giving vent to their annoyance at what might prove a very serious delay. On all sides we heard expressions of disgust at the bad way the boat had been handled, for she had not run on a sandbar, but absolutely ashore on an island standing well out in the main channel. There was apparently no excuse for such bungling. No time was lost in rigging up a contrivance for pushing the boat off the gravel bed in which she lay, but with no success. She could not be got to budge an inch, although there was 10 ft. of water within a few yards of us. The whole day passed in futile endeavours to extricate ourselves from the predicament we were in. During the evening the men managed to get a heavy line firmly fixed to an island close by, and by means of the steam-capstan tried to haul our stern round, but still with no success. Most of us went to bed that night with gloomy misgivings. Visions of wintering on the Yukon rose in my mind, and I lay tossing from side to side for a long while before I at last fell asleep. I woke up the next morning to find the *Hamilton* still aground, although the men had been hard at work all night trying to move her. The whole morning was again spent in trying various devices to shift us. After dinner a new arrangement was fixed up, and then the men were given a couple of hours of well-earned rest, so as to be fresh for a combined effort of all forces towards evening. Everyone was on deck to watch the result when the work was resumed, and there was much suppressed excitement: the ropes creaked and strained and looked like breaking; then, as the engine started, suddenly there was a shout "She's moving!" from those who were taking sights along the

banks from the deck—then another long pause as the steam-capstan puffed and spluttered as the cable slipped from it; then another big shout of joy as we all heard the dull sound of a heavy mass dragging over the gravel and knew for certain that we were free this time. Then slowly and majestically the *Hamilton* swung round on the current, her bows gradually sliding off the bank, leaving a mighty trail of yellow mud on the surface of the water. We were afloat once more, after thirty-six hours of delay and mishap that might have proved very serious indeed.

(To be continued.)

Princess Victoria of Wales.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES, PRINCESS MARIE AND PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE "OSBORNE," TAKEN ON BOARD THE YACHT.

Photograph by Kirk and Sons, Cove.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Steps are already being taken, and that with spirit, to organise the London Church Congress. Arrangements are being made to obviate the difficulties attendant on gatherings in the Albert Hall. The whole attention of the Congress is to be concentrated on one set of meetings, and great efforts are to be made in order to impart as much freshness into the programme as possible.

The Bishop of London has pleased the Evangelicals by bestowing the rectory of Whitechapel on the Rev. J. A. Faithfull, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Islington. We shall,

no doubt, have an opportunity of seeing the work of the Evangelicals in a great East-End district attempted under the most favourable circumstances.

The Primate's Visitation Charge is to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan in book form.

The Bishop of Wakefield has joined the war against clerical mustaches, and is said to have the sympathy of the Prince of Wales.

It is stated that the number of applicants for the Head Mastership of Harrow is small, but includes some of the best known names in public-school life.

The Rev. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, has contributed to the Hexham Abbey restoration scheme. Dr. Parker is a native of Hexham.

The brilliant Archbishop of Armagh has been giving a charge to his clergy. It contained, as usual with these utterances, many smart epigrammatic sayings. The following extract is a specimen: "I have no right to tender advice to the prelates of the Church of England. I cannot imitate the language of a leader in search of a party, but a party in search of a leader. I do not feel myself prepared to stimulate the indolence of Temple or to instruct the ignorance of a Westcott."

The Bishop of Gloucester says that he is persuaded the great majority even of advanced Churchmen are weary of the existing state of things, and would welcome any efforts that might be made by the authorities to put an end to the disorder and confusion now impairing the energies of the national Church.

The Rev. H. B. Ottley, late Vicar of Eastbourne, has been appointed by the Haberdashers' Company Golden Lecturer for the ensuing year.

water, fully thirty miles from shore to shore, and is full of islands and shoals to such an extent that it must be a matter of great difficulty to distinguish the main stream from the numberless backwaters.

Our next stopping point was Circle City, and we were getting on well in spite of having to go dead slow and sound almost every foot we advanced. Right ahead of us we could plainly see the town. We should reach it in about ten minutes, when suddenly the engines were rapidly reversed and the ship was turned and began slowly to stem the stream again. The main channel was blocked by quite a new sandbar, we learned, and our pilot would have to look for another passage by which to get through. It seemed a pity to have to waste so much time going back again, when we could have easily found a channel that would have taken us past Circle City, though some distance away; but it appeared that this is a boundary station of the United States Customs, so it is absolutely imperative on all vessels going down stream to call here and show their papers. It took two solid hours getting through, and it was quite late by the time we got moored.

Circle City is on the boundary-line between the British North-West Territories and Alaska, and is so named from its position just on the edge of the Arctic Circle. It is a large, straggling, log-built village, very Russian in appearance. Before the rush to the Klondike it was quite a big settlement, but it is now almost deserted and most of the cabins empty. There are gold-mines in the interior, some fifty miles distant, which have been worked for many years, but with no very startling results.

We were now congratulating ourselves that we had passed the worst of the Flats, and should reach Fort Yukon the following day, and then it would be clear sailing, as the river is deep all the way down after this. At four o'clock in the morning a dull, grating, ominous sound woke me up with a start. It did not take long to realise what had happened. We had got aground. I



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: THE DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST STEAMER WITH GOLD FROM DAWSON CITY, JUNE 24, 1898.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

LADIES' PAGE.

That philosopher who said that if he had his hand full of truth he would open it very cautiously, has his opinion endorsed in practice by the managers of the great dress-houses, who go to Paris with the utmost fidelity, in order to ascertain what is to be the fashion of every description of dress, but who, when they come back here, open their hands to let the truth escape very cautiously. We are slow in taking up the new designs, and they do not become familiar here until the Parisians have had them so

happens to possess; it is worn with the band going round the coils of the hair, and the loops standing up on the left side. To revert for a moment to millinery, ostrich-feathers have come to the front again, and are almost universally employed on smart hats. The latest conceit is to decorate along a good part of the stem of the feather with imitation diamonds, singly or set in tiny buckles. Fashionable toques are being constructed entirely of stiff net encrusted with jet sequins; this is bent up and crumpled about into all manner of folds and shapes so as to suit the face that it is intended to adorn, and is very sparingly trimmed, perhaps with a cock's feather spangled with gold or silver, perhaps with a large velvet bow centred by a diamond buckle, perhaps with one or two ostrich-feathers, and with some of those flowers in autumnal tints, asters and chrysanthemums in reds and browns and yellows, that suit the season.

One Illustration this week shows a charming evening dress in lustrous white satin trimmed with black lace appliqué and fine chenille fringe; it shows well how fringe can be applied successfully to an evening gown. Black satin ribbon assists slightly in the composition of this very *chic* design. Our other illustration is of a very elegant opera wrap of white satin and lace made in the newest of shapes, with flounces sweeping to the ground, and cut away in the front so as to give the slope which the fashion of the present moment requires on everything. The satin side pieces are embroidered with jewels and edged with a narrow band of sable. The storm-collar is supported by a band and bow at the back of white satin ribbon, which passes into a large bow and long ends at the front.

Mrs. Wynford Philipps, the founder of the Women's Institute and of the Grosvenor Crescent Club, has added another service to those she has already done women by bringing out a dictionary of employments open to women, with details of wages, hours of work, and how to obtain training, etc. The little volume is issued at a low price, and the information which it gives is of a very condensed character, but so far as it goes it is accurate and valuable. Suppose, for instance, a young lady wishes to enter the medical profession: she will find particulars as to the fees and the examinations open to her in the body of the dictionary, under the heading of "Physician and Surgeon," while in the appendix she has a list of the various schools at which her education can be obtained. Or if she should desire to be a teacher, she can discover here, under various heads, how she can be trained, and what salary she may expect for each of the different branches of the profession of education. In some cases where full facts cannot be given, either because they are too long or because they change from year to year, as in the case of elementary-school teachers, the conditions of whose employment may be altered in each successive year's "code," the desired object is gained by referring the reader to a source whence all details can be obtained. On the other hand, the most mean and poorly paid employments, down to that of cleaning doorsteps, have entries to themselves.

Some of the occupations named are very out of the way, such as taking out dogs to walk or watching the Jewish dead. The number of employments open to women for head and hand is very remarkable, and many people will be surprised on dipping into this dictionary to see, for the first time, how large a number of women are wage-earners. A certain working-man member of Parliament (named Cremer) once gave it as his opinion that "everything that was worth doing in the world was done by men." If he looks at this dictionary, and notices the number of the workers engaged in such occupations

as the textile trades, dressmaking, tailoring, domestic service, teaching, and many others, he will see how preposterous was his assertion.

"Much cry and little wool" might describe the effect of the Marriage Act of last Session which is about to come into operation. A great deal of effort has been put forth to obtain it, and yet it only amounts to this: that in future weddings celebrated in Nonconformist places of worship need not be personally attended by the Registrar of the district. There was a time, of course, when no marriage was legal unless it were conducted in church, but that has long gone by, and provided the presence of the Registrar were secured to make the necessary entries in the books of the State, any ceremony that included mutual consent sufficed. In future the trustees or other governing body of any building set apart as a place of worship may elect any individual to be their authorised representative for the registration of marriages. The person so authorised must hear the declaration made by the intending husband and wife in the presence of two witnesses, but no other form is set forth; a Nonconformist minister may use any services that he pleases. The "authorised person" is then responsible for having the marriage recorded in duplicate books and signed by himself, by the contracting parties, and at least two witnesses. Every three months he must make a return to the Superintendent-Registrar of all entries copied from these local books. All other legal formalities prior to a marriage remain unaffected.

As the annual conference of the National Union of Women Workers is going on as I write, I must speak of it next week. But I would like now to ask Lady Battersea, whose charming paper on "The Amenities of Life" I have just been hearing, to whom she refers in the passage in her address on early women platform-speakers. Lady Battersea says that they were "anxious to appear as different as possible from their more idle and elegant sisters; so they appeared on the platform in unbecomingly short petticoats, in mannish jackets with stiff collars, and their cropped heads surmounted by

what was called a pork-pie hat: all this in direct contradiction to the flowing skirts, the dainty ruffles, the graceful shawl, the close bonnet and modest veil of the 'forties and the early 'fifties. The platform woman was known by her dress, and, as the case might be, was admired, feared, or laughed at." The reverse is true to-day, she adds. Now it is true, as Tennyson says, that "the fame that follows death is nothing to us." Yet, somehow, I do not like to hear the women of to-day speaking on platforms depreciate those who cleared the way there yesterday. Neither Lady Battersea nor I can remember "the women of the 'forties"; but I in my teens did personally know nearly all the early "platform women," and it was not the case that they were "mannish" or ugly. An exception there was in Miss Emily Faithfull, but we could both name a Duchess who also wore manly clothes—*she* swore and strode; and we do not say "Duchesses" were thus and so. In each case it was a personal eccentricity, and not a class stamp.

FLORENA.

About a thousand medical men were present at the annual service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, and the musical portion of the service was rendered by the London Gregorian Choral Association, under the direction of Dr. Warwick Jordan.

"The Cleverest Woman in England," by L. T. Meade (Nisbet and Co.), is a problem-novel in the very mildest guise conceivable. It is quite harmless, and very prudent, for it shirks the problem. The cleverest woman in England was one of those people whom only amiable novelists ever meet. She was a model wife, mother, friend, and philanthropist. She was also tremendously strong on the suffrage; lecture committees lay prostrate and imploring before her; editors disbursed enormous sums for the honour of her contributions. This darling of women's clubs, this good angel of charity, dressed divinely, and was matchlessly beautiful. If there was any reality about Dagmar, we should dislike her, for the sake of her detestable childhood, when she read encyclopædia articles on the suffrage instead of fairy tales, and told her mother, weeping for her dead father, that crying was "rather silly" and "weakening." She married Mr. Geoffrey Hamlyn, a literary man, a solemn bore, with an abnormal faculty of disapprobation. If she had not been the cleverest woman in England, she might have been just clever enough to laugh him into some measure of commonsense and toleration. But she persisted in her cleverness, went on being model wife, mother, philanthropist, and all the rest, while he groaned and longed for the company of an old-fashioned fool. Of course, she never solved the problem of how wings and chains can mate; she only died, and left the solemnest bore in England to marry again, very differently. What is the moral? Marry in your own set, in case your partner has not a sense of humour. But when Mrs. Meade condescends to use a diluted Corelli-cum-George-Egerton heroine, is it any good seeking a moral at all?



AN ELEGANT OPERA WRAP OF WHITE SATIN AND LACE.

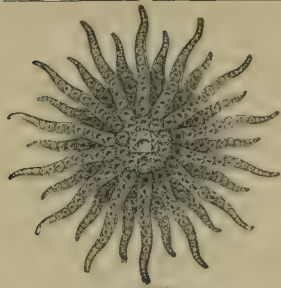
long as to have become nearly tired of them. My authority on dress matters in Paris—a very high one indeed— informs me that all the new skirts, including those in the tailor-made style, are being moulded to fit the figure at the top so closely that even in Paris itself the small dressmaker and the people not initiated are apt to look at the production of one of the great artists and suppose it to be a spoilt cut. They can never believe that "this is what one can have wished to do." The skirts are excessively tight-fitting to below the knees, and there suddenly slope out, but usually now without being actually flounced. The *godet* flounce to which we are becoming habituated is an illustration of the fact above mentioned that we take up things as the Parisians become fatigued with their commonness.

The long, supple folds which are given by this new method of cutting the skirts are very attractive when the eye is used to them, but they are only really suitable for people who are both slender and rather tall. For those who can wear them they are best moulded on the figure by the dressmaker. A four and a half yard length of soft stuff fifty-four inches wide is taken and folded in half, and the fold placed against the middle of the waist in front and firmly pinned there; the material is then drawn up so that it passes to the line of the waist and closely over the hips, being allowed to fall in such a way that it spreads round the feet by the very fact of being drawn up to the waist. It has a few overlapping folds and one closing seam at the back only. Thus are the best French fitters making the dress as like unto a sheath on the hips and around the figure as they can.

Spotted velvet is one of the season's special whims in millinery. A dark blue or black spotted with white, or dark blue spotted with light blue, or green spotted with fawn, elaborately folded round the crown of the hat, which is further decorated with two long ostrich-feathers—one inclined to the right and the other to the left immediately above the face, a buckle uniting the stems—suffices to make a very stylish and up-to-date chapeau. Twisted velvet bows and loops much like those used on some hats can be bought, by the way, to be worn indoors with tea-gowns. Such a little twist with upstanding loops should be had in colours to harmonise with as many tea-gowns as the wearer



A CHARMING EVENING DRESS.



IMPORTANT SALE OF JEWELS. GRAND OCCASION.

It will be remembered that Mr. J. W. BENSON, of Ludgate Hill, in connection with another firm, bought the whole of the stock of high-class Jewellery, Silver, etc., belonging to THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd., in consequence of the retirement of the senior partner, and the freehold of 11 and 12, Cornhill being sold. The same firm (now J. W. BENSON, Ltd.), in conjunction with HUNT & ROSKELL, Ltd. (late STORR & MORTIMER), have bought.

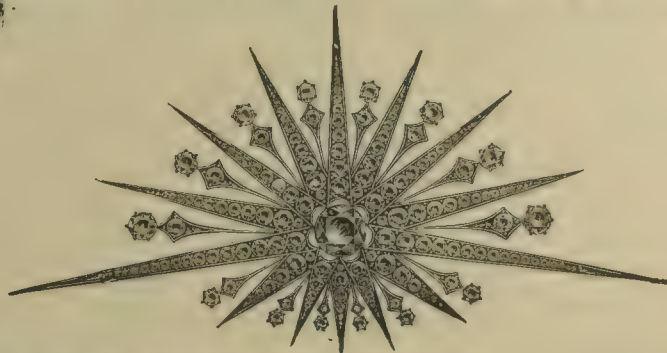
FOR CASH, THE WHOLE OF A MANUFACTURING JEWELLER'S STOCK OF JEWELS, Comprising Loose Gems and Mounted Ornaments of the Choicest and Most Fashionable Designs, the total amount exceeding considerably that of the whole of the stock of The Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd.

DIAMONDS are now considerably advancing in value owing to the De Beers agitation.

The Stock consists of Loose Stones, Tiaras, Necklaces, Aigrettes, Combs, Bracelets, Rings, &c., &c.

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"QUEEN'S" PLATE (Protected).

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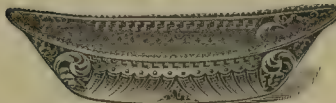
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Bread-Tray or Cake-Basket, Chased Border and Handle, Gilt Inside. "Queen's" Plate, £3 10s.; Solid Silver, £8 15s.

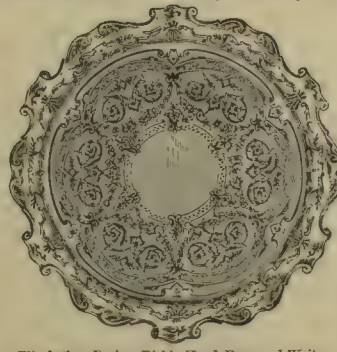
GOODS FORWARDED TO THE
COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



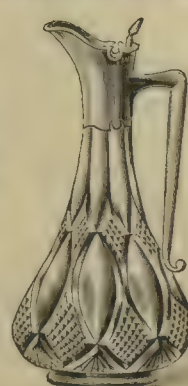
Solid Silver Chased and Pierced Sweetmeat-Dish, New Design, Boat Shape.
5½ in., £1 6s.; 7½ in., £2; 9½ in., £3.



Solid Silver Richly Chased and Pierced Flower-Vase, Blue Glass Lining.
4 inches high ... £1 7 6
5 " " ... 1 15 0
6 " " ... 2 5 0
7 " " ... 2 15 0
8 " " ... 3 3 0



Elizabethan Design, Richly Hand Engraved Waiter, Solid Silver.
6 in. diameter, £4 10 0 12 in. diameter, £11 11 0
10 " " 7 7 0 14 " " 18 0 0
16 in. diameter, £22 10 0

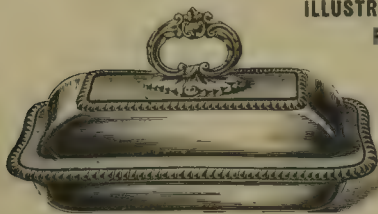


Richly Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with Solid Silver Mounts, £3 10s.



Antique Design, Afternoon Tea Service, complete, £8 10s.

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Georgian Antique Design, Gadroon Mounts.
"Queen's" Plate, 11 inches ... £3 17 6
Solid Silver " " ... 16 0 0



Solid Silver Richly Pierced Border Tray, Solid Silver Coffee-Pot, Sugar-Basin, Cream-Jug, Two China Cups and Saucers, with Silver Spoons and Tongs complete, £25; Solid Silver Tray only, £15 15s.



Solid Silver Spiral Fluted Tea-Caddy.
32s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 57s. 6d.



Solid Silver Richly Chased Fern-Pot, 35s.

220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (John Bennett's); & **THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1886), with six codicils (dated Aug. 1, 1888, July 1, 1891, Jan. 2, 1895, Feb. 6, 1896, Nov. 8, 1897, and July 21, 1898), of Sir William Augustus Fraser, Bart., of Ledelune and Morar, Inverness-shire, who died on Aug. 17 last at The Albany, was proved on Oct. 13 by Lord Juddow and the Right Hon. James Lowther, the surviving executors, the gross value of the whole estate being £430,166, and the net value of the personal £416,493. The testator bequeaths his collection of costumes, bound and half bound in green morocco, to the Princess of Wales during her life, and after her death to the successive Princesses of Wales; his collection of Gillray's caricatures in eleven folio volumes to be placed in the library of the House of Lords for the use of the Peers; his collection of H. B.'s political caricatures and his collection of portraits of Speakers to be placed in the library of the House of Commons for the use of the members; Thackeray's chair to the Travellers' Club; Dickens's chair to the Athenæum Club; Nelson's sword to the Senior United Service Club; Lord Byron's sofa, C. B. Smith's letters, the autographs of dramatic persons, and Laey's acting plays to the Garrick Club; the manuscript of Gray's "Elegy" to the Boys' Library at Eton College; the sword of the first Duke of Marlborough, bearing the inscription, "Presented by Her Most Sacred Majesty the Queen, 1702," and a portrait of the Duke in armour wearing the sword, to be placed in the officers' principal guard-room at St. James's Palace; Holland's caricatures, in twelve volumes, for the use of the officers of the Queen's Infantry Guard in London; the manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; and other legacies. He gives his freehold chambers in The Albany, with the furniture, his houses in Sloane Street, Chelsea, Leonaeh House, Surrey, and £500 per annum while he remains an officer in the 1st Life Guards, to his nephew Hugh Craufurd Fraser; and £200 per annum to his nephew Keith Alexander Fraser while he remains in the 7th Hussars. Not less than £25,000, or more than £35,000, is to be laid out in the purchase of an estate in Dorset, Wilts, Hants, Sussex, Leicester, or Norfolk, and the same is to be settled to the use of his said nephew Keith Alexander Fraser, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trusts, for accumulation for twenty-one years after his death, but during that period £4000 per annum (or £5000 if married) is to be paid to his nephew, who would otherwise be in receipt of the income; and at the expiration thereof to pay the income to his nephew Keith Alexander Fraser, for life, and at his death, as to both capital and income, for his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1888), with a codicil (dated Sept. 21, 1895), of Mr. Isaac Donnithorne Walker, of Arnos Grove, Southgate, who died on July 6, was proved on Oct. 20 by Vyell Edward Walker and Russell Donnithorne Walker, the brothers, and John Bradshaw, the nephew, the value of the estate being £195,857. The testator gives

£500 to Alexander Josiah Webbe, upon trust, for the furtherance of cricket at Harrow School; £500 to the Vicar of Southgate for the poor; £2000 to A. J. Webbe; £3000 to his godson, Robert Bradshaw, the son of Admiral Bradshaw; £100 to John Bradshaw, and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers and sisters, and the children of any deceased brother or sister, such child or children only taking the share that their parent would have taken if he or she had survived the testator.

The will (dated June 24, 1893), with a codicil (dated Oct. 2, 1897), of Mr. Thomas Leethem Wall, of Beechfield, Leicester Road, Broughton Park, Manchester, who died on Aug. 22, was proved on Oct. 10 by Thomas Leethem Wall and Ernest Wall, the sons, and William Henry Welsh, the executors, the value of the estate being £152,574. The testator gives the goodwill of his business of a manufacturer and merchant, with the mill land and cottages at Leyland, the machinery and stock-in-trade, the money and capital employed therein, and all money at the St. Ann's Street branch of the Manchester and Salford Bank, to his son Thomas Leethem Wall, subject to the payment of one third of his debts, funeral, and testamentary expenses. The residue of his property he leaves equally to his sons Ernest and Arthur, but £6000 already given to his son Ernest is to be taken into account. Should his son Thomas refuse to accept the said business, then the whole of the testators' estate is to be realised, and four eighths is to go to his son Thomas, and two eighths each to his sons Arthur and Ernest.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1893) of Mr. Henry Webber, of Bladen Lodge, the Boltons, South Kensington, who died at Folkestone on Sept. 11, was proved on Oct. 12 by Theodore Lumley and Walter Farquhar Morice, the executors, the value of the estate being £93,948. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Maude Webber; £2000 each, upon trust, for Edith Amy Blanche Fullwood and Lilian Beatrice Fullwood; £2000 to M. Ann Hayes; £1000 to Theodore Lumley; and £500 each to Beaumont Featherston, Walter Farquhar Morice, and Anne Reding. Two sums of £20,000 and £5000 are to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease £5000 is to go to Theodore Lumley, and £20,000, held upon trust, for Mrs. Maria Louise Clutterbuck, for life, and then for her children. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated March 16, 1895), with two codicils (dated May 29, 1895, and Dec. 18, 1896), of Mr. Henry Weiss, of Ravensburg, Westbourne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died on May 15, has been proved in the Birmingham District Registry by Mrs. Mary Weiss, the wife, Henry Gillott Weiss, the son, and Sydney Johnson Porter, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,174. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the General Hospital and the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham; £50 each to the Birmingham and Midland Eye Hospital and the Royal Institution for the Instruction of Deaf and Dumb Children, Edgbaston; £100 each to his sisters Magdalene and Catharina and his brothers Urie and

John; £500 to his son-in-law, Sydney Johnson Porter; £500 to his granddaughter, Enid Porter; £200 to his niece, Maria Frida Baker; his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and the use for life of his residence, to his wife, and a few other small legacies. He devises freehold ground rents, producing £334 per annum, to his son, Henry Gillott Weiss, and other ground rents, producing £340 per annum, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one moiety thereof, upon trust, for his wife for life, and subject thereto the whole of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his children in equal shares. Certain sums already given and settled on his daughter, Mrs. Porter, are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated June 8, 1892) of Mr. John Lettsom Elliot, of C4, The Albany, Piccadilly, one of the first members of the Athenæum Club, who died on Sept. 17, was proved on Oct. 17 by John Hugh Armstrong Elliot, the grandson, and Major-General Henry Riversdale Elliot, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £36,970. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to his grandson, Francis Riversdale Elliot, and his granddaughter, Evelyn Gertrude Elliot; £100 each to the Hon. Mrs. Charles North, the Hon. Frederick Henry North, Lady Harriet Warde, and Lady Frances Bushby, the children of his deceased wife, the Countess of Guildford; £300 each to George Charles Elliot and Major-General H. R. Elliot; an annuity of £120 to his sister, Mrs. Louisa Harriet Garrow; £300 to his valet; and £150 to his housekeeper. He confirms the settlement of £5000 each on his granddaughters, Mrs. Geach and Mrs. Osborne. The residue of his property he leaves to his grandson, J. H. A. Elliot.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1892) of Major-General William Stirling Oliphant, R.E., of 3, Talbot Square, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 11 at Saintfoins, Little Shelford, Cambridge, was proved on Oct. 17 by Mrs. Augusta Mary Oliphant, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £19,252. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1898) of Mr. William Barford, of Gayhurst House, Lincoln Road, Peterborough, agricultural engineer and implement maker, who died on June 3, has been proved by James Golby Barford, the son, Edward Ison, and Harry James Warwick, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,684. The testator bequeaths fifty guineas to Edward Ison; £100 each, and part of his household furniture, to his daughters, and the gold watch and silver bowl presented to him in 1896 to his son for life, and then to his son. He gives his share in the partnership business to his son, but charged with the payment of £3500 each to his daughters Mrs. Clara Edith Warwick and Mary Gertrude Barford. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will and codicil of Mr. Alfred Robert Hole, J.P., of Beam, Great Torrington, Devon, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Aug. 14 by Mrs. Elizabeth Hole, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £1258.

Americans in Europe



1744 Mount Vernon. 1893
The Home of Washington.

Historical China.

Twenty views, as below, on dessert-plates (9 in.), engraved for us by Wedgwood from picturesque etchings, printed under glass in old blue Wedgwood, with foliage border; a dozen plates may be chosen from the following views, viz.—

- "State House, Boston, Bulfinch front, dedicated 1795."
- "Old State House (State Street), Boston, rebuilt 1712."
- "Old South Church. Tea-party met here 1773."
- "Old North Church, Salem Street. Paul Revere's Lanterns were displayed here 1775."
- "Green Dragon Tavern, Union Street, Boston, styled by Daniel Webster the Headquarters of the Revolution. Also the Grand Lodge of Free Masons first met here."
- "King's Chapel, Boston, built 1686, rebuilt 1754."
- "Old Feather Store, North and Ann Streets, 1680 to 1808."
- "Old Sun Tavern, Faneuil Hall Square, 1680 to 1803."
- "Old Boston Theatre, Corner Federal and Franklin Streets, 1794."
- "Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' 1808, built 1712."
- "Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845, Lamb Tavern, 1746."
- "Boston Common and State House, 1836."
- "Harbour View of Boston from a map of 1768."
- "Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Building."
- "State Street and Old State House, 1838."
- "Adjacent Loan-to Houses in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birthplace of a President of the United States."
- "The Public Library, Boston, 1895."
- "Trinity Church, Boston, 1805."
- "Mount Vernon, 1892, the home of George Washington."
- "1743, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1893, where the Independence of the U.S. was declared, July 4, 1776."

Dessert-Plates as above, 36 per dozen; same, if gilded edge, \$7.50. Securely packed for shipping long distances. Visitors are invited to inspect our Art Pottery Rooms (in which are assembled an extensive exhibit of beautiful specimens of Ceramics adapted for bridal gifts)—Dinner-Set Department (in which is the largest, most valuable, and comprehensive exhibit of Dinner Ware to be seen on this continent)—Hotel and Club Department (4th floor)—Cut-Glass Department (3rd floor), comprising superb designs of American cut-glass, which is now the equal of the best foreign crystal glass—Lamp Department (gallery)—Stock-Pattern Department (5th floor), containing upwards of one hundred shapes and decorations from the best potteries of England, France, Germany, Japan, and China, in sets or parts of sets, as required, which may be readily matched for years to come, an advantage appreciated by experienced housewives; and on the main floor an extensive exhibit of Jardinieres and Pedestals, Umbrella and Cane Holders, Handsome Odd Pitchers (from the ordinary up to the costly specimens).

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ENGLISH ENTERPRISE: 'SUNLIGHT' FOR SWITZERLAND.

On Wednesday, Oct. 12, Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, the well-known manufacturers of Sunlight Soap, opened a new branch establishment at Olten, Switzerland. The works, designed principally by Mr. W. H. Lever, have been described as the "prettiest little soap-works in the world." The buildings are partly two-storey, but mainly on the ground floor, following the plan of the famous works at Port Sunlight. The building is arranged after the latest compact fashion, so as to secure the utmost economy of space and labour. All the appliances are on the latest and most approved principle. On the opening day the ceremony of turning steam into the boiling-pans was performed by the daughter of the managing director, Miss Christine Lavanchy. Luncheon was served in the concert-room at Olten to about three hundred guests. Mr. W. H. Lever presided, and proposed "Success to Swiss Commerce and Industry," the new "Savonnerie Helvetia" being proposed by Dr. Schumacher Kopp. The new works are almost equidistant from Berne, Zurich, and Basle, and are thus extremely convenient for despatch.

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The question of submarine torpedoes has been receiving attention in America; and a New York telegram announces successful experiments with the *Holland* submarine torpedo-boat, which discharged a torpedo at a distance of 150 feet below the surface.

the privilege of dispensing with laws which prove too irksome. Mr. J. McN. Whistler, however, is a painter beyond suspicion, who knows his art thoroughly, and practises it without fear of misconception. His full-length portrait of Miss May Alexander in a grey dress is, with the exception of a pencil sketch of the poet Mallarmé, unfortunately the only specimen of his rare powers of graceful individualisation. Around Mr. Whistler the Glasgow school of artists, represented by Mr. Lavery, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Lockhart, and others, group themselves. It would be scarcely fair to assign any special order of merit to these from their respective contributions to this exhibition;

ART NOTES.

Whatever may be happening in other fields of activity, in the domain of Art there is nothing but a generous rivalry between French, painters and our own. At the Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition (Grafton Galleries), the space afforded to the former is sufficient to indicate the tendency of this branch of art among our neighbours. Such works as M. Besnard's "Madame Réjane" (48), M. Manet's "The Poet Astruc" (2), and in a lesser degree the work of M. Théo Van der Weyden and M. G. Courbet display a freedom from conventional treatment which few of our more distinguished portrait-painters dare to imitate. This reticence on the part of the latter is to be deplored, for it seems to throw into the hands of the less skillful

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and it is more important to compare and contrast the methods by which each arrives at the desired result. Mr. G. P. Watts contributes two fancy heads—"Maud," a bright-faced girl in a broad hat, and "The Coquette," with a very forced expression, but finely coloured, in Mr. Watts's special manner. More interest, however, will attach to the picture hanging between them—a three-quarter-length portrait of Sir Herbert Kitchener by Mr. Herkomer, R.A., who depicts the great strategist in his working khaki uniform, of which the subdued colour seems to make his eyes and face the more distinguished and impressive. One feels that Mr. Herkomer, at least on this occasion, has seen something more than the outward face of his sitter, and has produced a portrait of a man at once eager and reserved, possessing both decision and self-control. The series of twenty water-colour portraits of Mr. Herkomer's friends and brother Academicians is of more unequal value and interest. Among the other artists who contribute to the success of the present exhibition should be mentioned M. A. Legros, by his portrait of the sculptor, M. Rodin; M. Gabriel Nicolet, for that of Miss Barbara Tate, and other works; Mr. Arthur Hacker; and Mr. Heywood Hardy, for his variations in equestrian portraiture. Mr. John Collier is scarcely so effective as usual, and the portraits of Lord Davey's daughters, Mrs. Pember and Mrs. Gatacre, are not to be regarded as the high-water mark of his powers. The end gallery contains a number of exceedingly interesting sketches and drawings, including the Beekford portrait of Baretta, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a portrait of a French ecclesiastic, by Ingres; and sketches by Frank

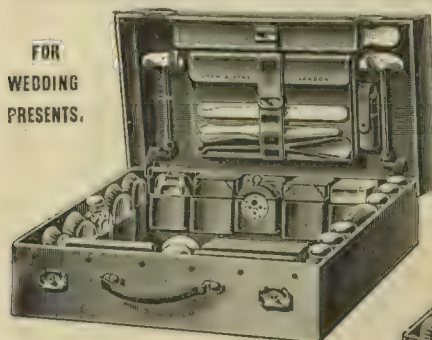
Holl, Sir J. E. Millais, Charles Keene, Dante G. Rossetti, all men of the past, besides others by still surviving artists. Altogether this year's exhibition—the eighth of the Society of Portrait Painters—offers several points of interest, although it cannot be said to contain the usual number of works of importance.

The small collection of pictures by Mr. Ridley Corbet now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery is too restricted in numbers to give an adequate idea of the artist's capabilities. They are, however, sufficient to show him a thorough master of the poetry of an Italian landscape, and a careful observer of its flushing skies and golden rays. From the hills above Assisi, with the valley of the Tiber in the distance, or from the Pisan hills overlooking the valley of the Arno, scenes reveal themselves to the few, who in their turn interpret them for the many. This is essentially Mr. Ridley Corbet's function as a painter, and each one of these little works conveys to the eye and to the mind the conviction that they depict real Italian scenery. From Viareggio and its blue hills skirting the blue sea, from Fiesole and Volterra, he has caught aspects of nature and outdoor life which cannot fail to recall to the possessors of such pictures charmed spots round which their recollection loves to linger. Not the least noteworthy feature of Mr. Corbet's work is its freedom from the suggestion of a forced note of either line or colour.

Mr. John Tweed, who seems to have practically captured the post of Sculptor-in-Ordinary to South Africa, has

finished two of the four alto-relievo panels to be erected at Kimberby to the memory of Major Allan Wilson and his companions-in-arms. Many other specimens of Mr. Tweed's work are to be found at various places between Cape Town and Bulawayo—in fact, wherever admiration of Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson has obtained a foothold. Mr. Tweed, however, works in Chelsea and hails from Glasgow, and has not devoted all his talent to the glorification of South African heroes and pioneers. He may be remembered as one of the sculptors who have succeeded—where so many have failed—in conveying an adequate idea of Robert Burns. It is, of course, open to question whether his statuette figure of the "inspired ploughboy" would bear being translated into life size; but in its present form it is the only statue of Burns in which the "ploughboy" does not predominate over the poet. Mr. Tweed, who studied under Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, in London, and M. Falguière, in Paris, has learnt from his two masters that realism or dramatic action is a permissible as well as an important feature in modern sculpture.

Mr. Laurits Tuxen seems to be definitely installed as Painter-in-Ordinary of Court Ceremonials, and few will deny that he has many qualifications for the post. The Jubilee Procession of last year was a magnificent spectacle in many ways, but the glare of scarlet and gold which predominated to the exclusion of all other colours left little scope for pictorial effect. Mr. Tuxen, who was designated to chronicle the event on canvas, has chosen the moment at which the procession reached



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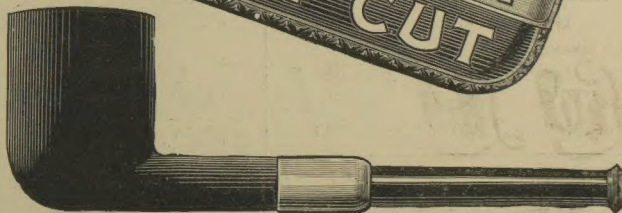
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NAVY NOTES.

It is not everyone who can understand the methods of a Government Department. For instance, many ships in the Navy carry some sort of figure-head, though these adornments are out of fashion. Many of these figure-heads, to look effective, need to be gilded, but the Admiralty will not provide gilt, so many head-pieces are spoilt by being painted black or white unless the officers bear the expense. Although the public do not know it, many officers in the Navy, in order to win a good word from their Admirals, spend a large portion of their pay on paint in order that their ships may look smart. Another curious official anomaly is that the naval authorities provide workmen in the dockyards with artificial legs and

arms and hooks if they have the misfortune to lose their limbs while in the service, but the regulations, by some strange freak, stop short of cork hands or feet.

After four years' delay, due to legal difficulties, a commencement has been made with the new Naval Cadets' College at Dartmouth, which is to supersede the famous old wooden-wall, the *Britannia*, on which all executive naval officers for many years past have learnt the A B C of their profession. The *Britannia* is moored in the broad, tree-embowered estuary of the river Dart, and the slope above the position of the old training-ship will be the site of the college. The hill on which building operations are to be started is known as Mount Boone, and formed part of the Raleigh estate. Sir Walter Raleigh is the most famous of the many celebrated Dart-side residents, and the estate still bears his name. The college will command

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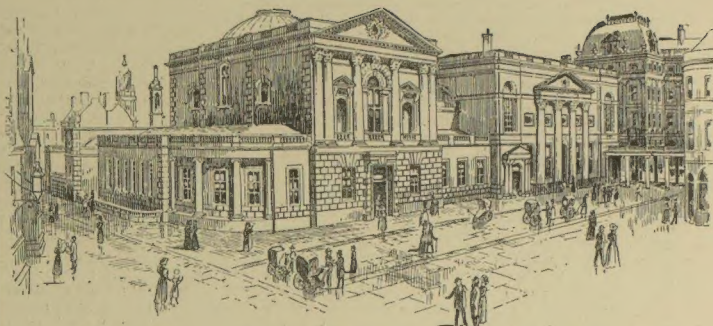
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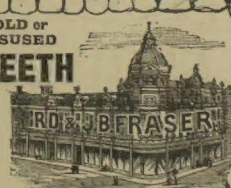
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views up and down the Dart, the most lovely of all Devonshire rivers.

The new buildings will accommodate two hundred and forty cadets and the executive and teaching staffs, and will extend in one straight line, with a clock-tower in the centre and a tower at each end. Although it is estimated that the ground and buildings will cost about a quarter of a million sterling, there is no margin for any great amount of ornamentation. There will be a large chapel and a larger hospital, for cadets have a way of getting laid up in large batches with mumps and measles; two large cricket-fields, a gymnasium, and all the other buildings incidental to the largest naval college in the world. For the present, the *Britannia* will continue in use, but it is hoped that very soon the new buildings will be ready for occupation, and an effort will be made to get the Duke of York to open them, and thus renew his acquaintanceship with Dartmouth, where you may still hear anecdotes of the two Sailor Princes when they were cadets on the *Britannia*. The

most curious fact is that the *Britannia* accommodates two hundred and seventy cadets, and still there are not enough executive officers for the Navy; and the new college is being built for only two hundred and forty. The explanation is that the Admiralty intend to shorten the course of instruction, and there is some talk of entering more boys into the Navy from the mercantile training-ships *Conway* and *Worcester*. It is a significant fact that within the past month no less than fifty young officers of the merchant service have been given commissions as naval Lieutenants. Every year the links that connect the war Navy with the mercantile marine are increased; and there is a probability of further reforms in this direction.

Violent gales, south-westerly in the Channel but easterly on the coasts of the German Ocean, prevailed on Oct. 18 and next day, and were followed on Saturday by very rough weather on the western side and in North Britain, the wind having apparently been a cyclone

passing all round this island. Many small vessels and boats were endangered, and several were lost, along the eastern shores of Scotland; the Swedish collier *Feliz* was wrecked near Aberdeen, when the captain and his son and one seaman were drowned; two Norwegian schooners, the *Frey* and *Avance*, also the brigantine *Zippora*, the *Sigfrid*, another Swedish vessel, the steamer *Paola*, from Leith for Belfast, and a German fishery steamer, were wrecked at different points on that coast or of Yorkshire. Twenty or thirty lives were lost, but in other cases the crews were able to escape.

A disaster, by which five men were drowned, took place in Cork Harbour on Oct. 20 by a Government steam-launch accidentally running down a boat conveying workmen employed in the Haulbowline Dockyard Extension.

Appropos of the new play by Mr. Anthony Hope at the Duke of York's Theatre, it is worthy of notice that the furniture, etc., used in the various scenes is supplied by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co.

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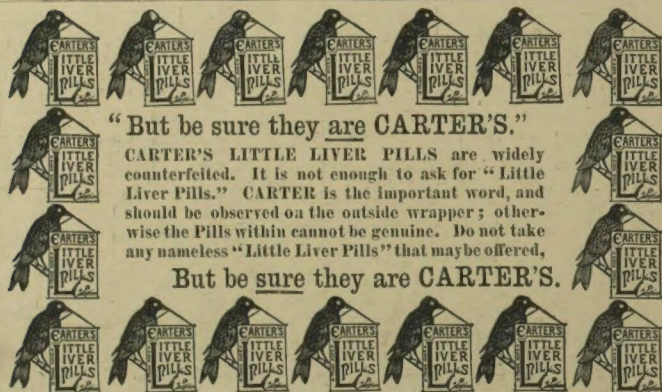
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